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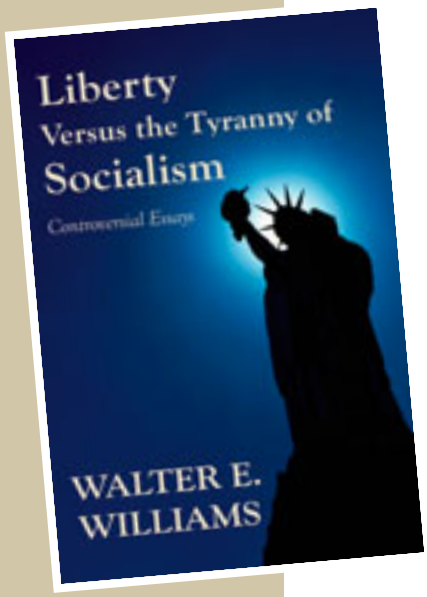

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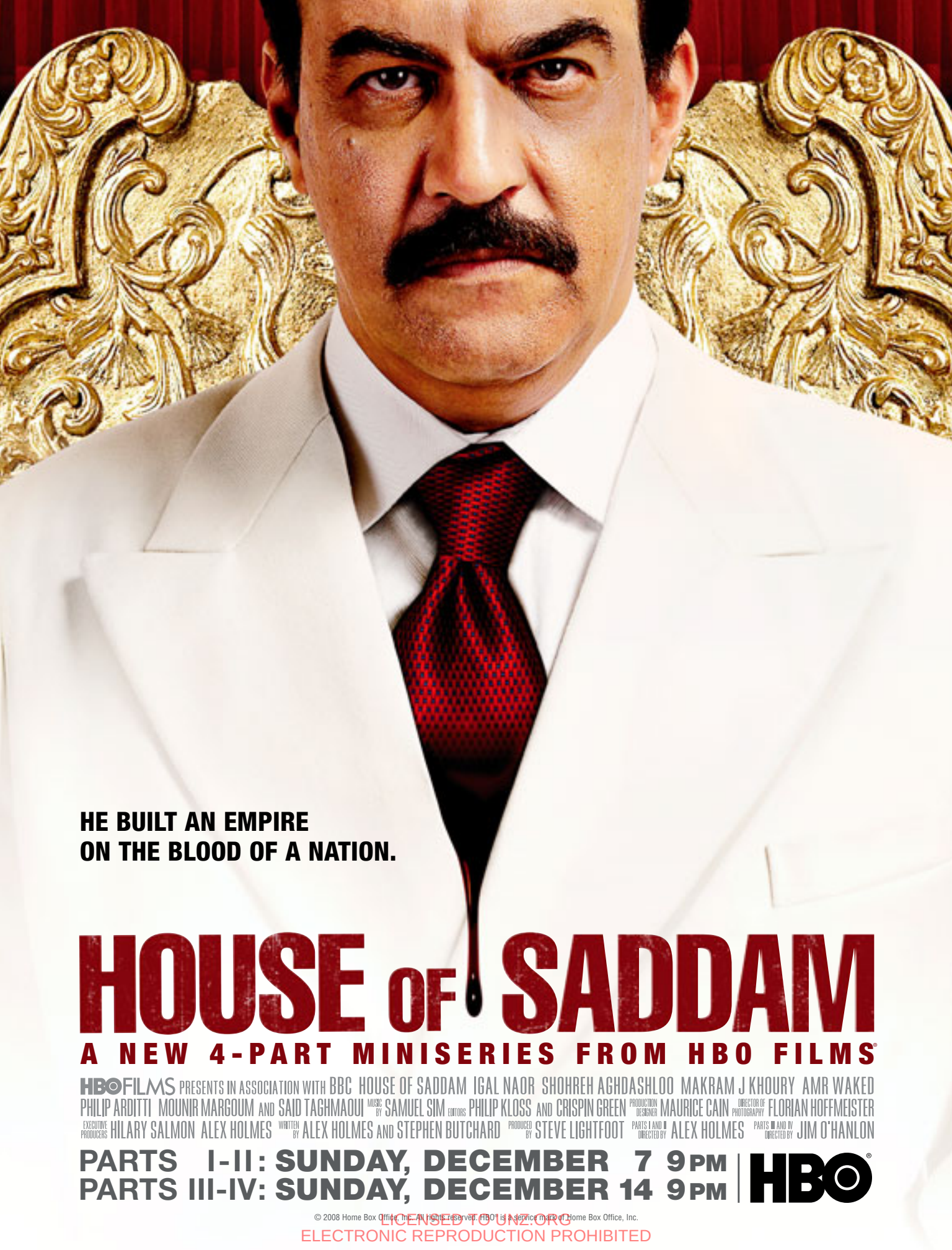

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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Sally Quinn, Spiritual Adviser

Readers of the *Washington Post* were greeted, one recent morning, with an essay by Sally Quinn on why Barack Obama and his family (who have not attended church since the election) should choose the National Cathedral as their regular place of worship. Nominally the seat of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, the cathedral is, as Quinn pointed out, "the place where, in recent years, presidents have gone for the inaugural prayer service the day after being sworn in, where ex-presidents are mourned at their death, where presidents and Americans as a people congregate during moments of crisis."

Not least, she added, "I am drawn to the cathedral over all of the sacred spaces in Washington because it is the most pluralistic of the places of worship I've been to."

The Scrapbook is willing to set aside, for the moment, the idea of "sacred spaces" in Washington—the motel room where Mayor Marion Barry was arrested while smoking crack? the parking garage where Bob Woodward met Deep Throat?—and ponder the spectacle of Sally Quinn offering advice on religious practice. Quinn is identified as a "moderator, with Jon Meacham, of *On Faith*, an online conversation on religion." But there's more to the story than that.

The name of Sally Quinn may not have much resonance outside Greater Washington, but within the Beltway, it conjures up all sorts of picturesque images. Once upon a time Quinn was an attractive young blonde who, without any evident professional qualifications, was hired by the editor of the *Washington Post* ("Nobody's perfect," he famously told her) to write stories about the political/journalistic elite for the *Post*'s "Style" section. These included an infamous, interminable account of her pilgrimage to Cuba—with obligatory breathless coverage of Fidel Castro and friends—and, when she began consorting with the editor, inspired a famous Washington joke. Question: What are the seven most feared words at the *Washington Post*? Answer: First in a series by Sally Quinn.

Except for one very brief, very disastrous, excursion as a morning news anchor on CBS—once again, experience was a problem—Quinn continued to write for the *Post* "Style" section until the aforementioned editor discarded his wife and married Quinn, who ceased writing for the *Post* and switched to chick-lit novels about the political/journalistic elite, and purchasing and refurbishing baronial estates in Washington and Maryland.

The Scrapbook believes in redemption, of course. But it also tells us something about the culture (if that is the word) of the nation's capital that someone like Sally Quinn should be a plausible moderator, along with the editor of a weekly newsmagazine, of an "online conversation on religion" and advising the incoming president about churches.

As for the National Cathedral, we share Quinn's enthusiasm for the place—architecturally, at least—but would caution Barack and Michelle Obama to give the matter serious consideration. The last time they chose a place of worship, after due diligence, they spent 20 years in the congregation of the Rev. Jeremiah ("God damn Amerikkka!") Wright. ♦

Media Bias I

To hear him tell it now, Mark Halperin, the former ABC News political director and current editor at large of *Time* magazine, was positively outraged at the bias displayed by his colleagues in the mainstream media during their reporting on the 2008 presidential campaign. "It's the most disgusting failure of people in our business since the Iraq war," he said November 21. The result was "extreme bias, extreme pro-Obama coverage."

Halperin ran a blog on *Time*'s website that touted its coverage of "politics up to the minute." From there, Halperin wrote about the campaign and analyzed the coverage of it, and many of his posts displayed this trademark grasp of the obvious. Oddly, The Scrapbook doesn't remember picking up even a vibration of this disgust during the campaign, though admittedly we weren't frequent visitors to the Halperin blog.

So if anyone tries to set Halperin up as some kind of courageous truth-teller, we're not buying. Had Halperin been truly disgusted, he could have shared this observation before the election, when it might have actually sparked a debate about this "extreme bias." He didn't. Or at least not overtly. In an appearance on MSNBC on October 28, Halperin was asked about this pro-Obama bias by Joe Scarborough. His response?

> [The Obama story has] been great for us. He's a great story. But I think, I think mistakes have been made and people—and people will regret it. . . . If Obama wins and goes on to become a hugely successful president, I think, still, people will look back and say it just wasn't done the right way.

Mistakes have been made?

The real condemnation of the media came from Scarborough, who snickered at that Nixonian line from Halperin and blasted the pro-Obama bias of the media, pointing out that even Hillary Clinton was a victim of the Obama Love.

> I got to say this, the media, the media has been really, really biased this

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campaign, I think. But it's not been a Republican/Democratic bias. . . . I'm starting to have this conversation with other members of the media, who say, you know what? We may be—this may end up like 2002, 2003, where we weren't as tough as we should have been [in the run-up to Iraq].

Hmmm. Sound familiar? ♦

Media Bias II

While we're on the subject of media bias, The Scrapbook has a little therapeutic advice for fellow conservatives. Don't get unduly bent out of shape, enjoy the spectacle! After eight years of fearlessly speaking truth to power, afflicting the comfortable, believing the worst, challenging, confronting, criticizing the motives (and questioning the character) of Republicans and the Bush administration, the prayers of the press corps have been answered, and they find themselves in the deliciously awkward position of being shills, hacks, pussycats, apologists, professional liars, sellouts, and suck-ups—not necessarily in that order.

No more Krugmanesque frothing at the mouth; now the tone is placid, deferential, supportive, anesthetized.

Consider E.J. Dionne Jr. of the *Washington Post*, whose columns have tended to sound as if they were vetted by the Democratic National Committee. A recent essay—"Obama's Brain Trust"—was so bursting with pride, so full of veneration, so packed with hackneyed admiration and worshipful clichés, that The Scrapbook could barely restrain its laughter.

> Aides say that Obama was drawn to [Lawrence] Summers in part because the former Harvard president shares the president-elect's passion for a more equitable distribution of economic benefits. Obama was impressed during campaign policy discussions that Summers would often pull the conversation away from general talk about economic growth to a concern with the living standards of families with average incomes.

"Larry," we can hear the president-elect declare, "this weather is gorgeous, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. President-elect," responds Professor Summers, "but it might as well be cloudy and raining for families with average incomes."

"Larry," replies the president-elect, "I'm delighted to know that you share my passion for a more equitable distribution of economic benefits."

"Yes, Mr. President-elect," replies Professor Summers. ♦

Sentences We Didn't Finish

"Indeed, as the weeks have passed since the election, I've felt—as an urban creature myself—less restricted, less defensive. Empowered, almost. Is it possible that, as a nation, we're shedding our childlike, rural innocence and becoming more mature, urban, urbane . . ." (Joe Klein, *Time*, November 24). ♦

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Casual

Fried Bread Lines

Holes are opening in the populated landscape. Outside the attic window where I write this is an abandoned house. A "For Sale" sign, hanging from a yardarm by the front walk, creaks eerily in the wind. It has a permanent look to it, like the soggy "War Is Not the Answer" placards that have lined our street since the spring of 2003. On K Street, two blocks from The Standard's offices, an office building was demolished over the summer to make way for . . . well, nothing so far. It reminds me of my childhood in the 1970s, when the gains from knocking down a building were limited to more parking and more space for throwing broken furniture and empty beer bottles and syringes.

As in those recession years, there is once again a younger generation that knows nothing of real hardships and an older generation ready to lecture and bully. The generation that condescended to mine is now mostly gone. I believe they perished from injuries sustained patting each other on the back. All the wisdom we now possess about austerity comes from the 1970s, and, as it happens, I'm one of the possessors. Yeah, pull up a chair. Nixon's wage and price freezes, Ford's Whip Inflation Now buttons, Jimmy Carter's sweaters and his 55-mile-an-hour speed limit and his sad, unlit holidays that might as well have gone under the motto "Christmas is for losers" . . . I remember them all. I remember money being tight. I remember the car being used only for the strictest necessities, like dates, and trips to the New Hampshire state liquor store.

And I remember the smugness of older people—teachers, broadcast personalities, and well-off *bien-pensants* of the town I grew up in. They really enjoyed the recession, as they enjoyed anything that opened a new avenue for snobbery. I was relatively lucky. My father was less dogmatic about such things than the other adults I knew. When I was 10 or so, he told me that there were times during the Depression when he ate fried bread every night for dinner. "Wow, that's really *sad*," I said, having been conditioned to think the occasion called for it. But it didn't. "I *loved* fried bread," he said.

THOMAS FLUHARTY

My father understood that recessions aren't about children. Children have childhoods, no matter when they grow up. Recessions are about adults lying awake and staring at the ceiling, seeing, correctly, that what they've built—not just *things*, but reputations, value systems, and self-respect—is going to unravel in a slow, ineluctable, and humiliating way. My grandparents' generation, born in the first decade of the century, was really up a creek in 1932. But those born after World War I weren't, and in the 1970s they were just using the Depression to lord over us an authority they hadn't really earned. That's how I plan to lord over younger readers my own more modest struggle and the lessons I drew from it.

What are my lessons? I recall hearing something about "the value of a dollar," even if the present crisis is an indication that not all of us took that one fully on board. There was also, if I remember correctly, something about "hard work," which is less of a worry, since we all work hard. Americans work so hard, political candidates assure us, that we deserve everything we have—in fact, much, much more.

There is good news, though. Our own economy, cluttered as it is with luxuries, has a lot of "give" in it. What was there to cut in the 1970s, when no one knew what pesto or sushi was, and when a "big spender" was someone who was paying 5 cents more a bottle to drink Michelob instead of Budweiser? Austerity meant eating three potatoes instead of four. That time may come for us. Right now, we are in the stage of paring away not staples but hedonistic indulgences, from windsurfers to gas grills. Travel is also expendable. My schoolteachers were constantly harping on how one didn't need to travel, given that there was so much heritage, architecture, and culture right around us in Massachusetts. Good advice, although it didn't explain how people who lived elsewhere were supposed to get to Massachusetts.

Perhaps this generation's experience will be more like that of the adults of the 1930s. The last generation's futuristic invention will be the next generation's consolation and opiate. Just as our grandparents huddled around the radio, we will tap the unrealized potential of the Internet—which, like the radio and the television before it, permits you to drown out the nagging sense that no one outside your house has any particular need of you, or will anytime soon.

Christopher Caldwell

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the weekly Standard

Before He Goes

Amid the cold gusts of winter, Republicans will soon be ushered out of power after controlling Congress, the White House, or both for 14 years. Here's a further chilling thought: Since 1896, with only one exception, when a party has taken over the White House, it has held it for at least eight years. The exception is the Jimmy Carter Democrats, retired after a single term in 1981. And it would be churlish to hope that Barack Obama will recapitulate the ineptitude and foolishness of the Nobel laureate from Plains.

So it could be eight years on the outside of the White House looking in for the GOP. It certainly looks like at least four years out of power in Congress as well, given the sizable Democratic margins. And the fact that Republicans will be blamed for an economy in free fall, and won't get the credit they deserve for successes in Iraq and the broader war on terror, hardly helps the GOP's prospects for a quick comeback.

Can Bush do anything in his last weeks to change this dynamic? It's hard to see how he can affect the economic narrative at this point.

But he could do his party—and the nation—a service by reminding Americans of our successes fighting the war on terror. He did address the achievements in Iraq and Afghanistan in a fine speech at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, last week, and he can do more along those lines. In particular, he can continue to pay tribute to the successes of the Army and the Marines on the ground, and explain that the task must be finished in both theaters. He can address issues like getting ROTC back on elite campuses (a position Obama also favors). And while he's at it, perhaps he could tell various admirals to stop moaning about how difficult it would be to deal with the pirates off the coast of Somalia (isn't keeping the shipping lanes open a core mission of the Navy?) and order the Navy to clobber them. If need be, the Marines would no doubt be glad to recapitulate their origins and join in by going ashore in Africa to destroy the pirates' safe havens.

Meanwhile, we seem to have al Qaeda mostly on the run (though not defeated). Here at home we haven't had a second attack, and in the West generally, it's over two years since a major attack. Bush can make the broader point that being on offense has been a successful strategy, and that the best form of public diplomacy is making it clear that joining the jihad is a losing proposition.

In addition, Bush can explain to Americans just how his administration's detention, interrogation, surveillance, and other counterterrorism policies have helped keep us safe. If he lays out the case for them publicly—as his appointees are surely doing to their transition counterparts privately—he'll make it easier for the incoming Obama administration to back off rash promises and continue most of the policies. This would be a real service to the country. It would also force a rethinking, by those capable of rethinking, of the cheap and easy demagoguing on issues like Guantánamo and eavesdropping. Over time, Bush might even get deserved credit for effective conduct of the war on terror.

As it happens, a Rasmussen Reports survey last week found about half of U.S. voters say the United States should not close the terrorist detention facility at Guantánamo, while less than a third think it should. So, on this and other war-on-terror-related issues, Bush's positions are reasonably popular—even though the Bush administration has done very little to make its case. Attorney General Michael Mukasey did a good job of laying out the argument for the administration's conduct of the war on terror in remarks to the Federalist Society a little over a week ago. Bush should take up this cause.

One last thing: Bush should consider pardoning—and should at least be vociferously praising—everyone who served in good faith in the war on terror, but whose deeds may now be susceptible to demagogic or politically inspired prosecution by some seeking to score political points. The lawyers can work out if such general or specific preemptive pardons are possible; it may be that the best Bush can or should do is to warn publicly against any such harassment or prosecution. But the idea is this: The CIA agents who waterboarded Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, and the NSA officials who listened in on phone calls from Pakistan, should not have to worry about legal bills or public defamation. In fact, Bush might want to give some of these public servants the Medal of Freedom at the same time he bestows the honor on Generals Petraeus and Odierno. They deserve it.

—*William Kristol*

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Obama's Good Students

A dissent on the 'valedictocracy.'

BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

GARY LOCKE

Last week the excellent David Brooks, in one of his columns in the *New York Times*, exulted over the high quality of people President-elect Barack Obama was enlisting in his new cabinet and onto his staff. The chief evidence for these people being so impressive, it turns out, is they all went to what the world—"that ignorant ninny," as Henry James called it—thinks superior schools. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford, the London School of Economics; like dead flies on flypaper, the names of the schools Obama's new appointees attended dotted Brooks's column.

Here is the column's first paragraph:

> Jan. 20, 2009, will be a historic day. Barack Obama (Columbia, Harvard Law) will take the oath of office as his wife, Michelle (Princeton, Harvard Law), looks on proudly. Nearby, his foreign policy advisers will stand beaming, including perhaps Hillary Clinton (Wellesley, Yale Law), Jim Steinberg (Harvard, Yale Law) and Susan Rice (Stanford, Oxford D. Phil.).

This administration will be, as Brooks writes, "a valedictocracy." The assumption here is that having all these good students—many of them possibly "toll-frees," as high-school students who get 800s on their SATs used to be known in admissions offices—running the country is obviously a pretty good thing. Brooks's one jokey line in the column has it that "if a foreign enemy attacks the United States during the Harvard-Yale game any time over the next four years, we're screwed." Since my appreciation of David Brooks is considerable, and since I agree with him on so many things, why don't I agree with him here?

The reason is that, after teaching at a university for 30 years, I have come to distrust the type I think of as "the good student"—that is, the student who sails through school and is easily admitted into the top colleges and professional schools. The good student is the kid who works hard in high school, piles up lots of activities, and scores high on his SATs, and for his efforts gets into one of the 20 or so schools in the country that ring the gong of success. While there he gets a preponderance of A's. This allows him to move on to the next good, or even slightly better, graduate, business, or professional school, where he will get more A's still, and move onward and ever upward. His perfect résumé in hand, he runs only one risk—that of catching cold from the draft created by all the doors opening for him wherever he goes, as he piles up scads of money, honors, and finally ends up being offered a job at a high level of government. He has, in a sense Spike Lee never intended, done the right thing.

What's wrong with this? Am I describing anything worse than effort and virtue richly rewarded? I believe I am. My sense of the good student is that, while in class, he really has only one pertinent question, which

Joseph Epstein, a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *is the author most recently of* Fred Astaire.

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is, What does this guy, his professor at the moment, want? Whatever it is—a good dose of liberalism, libertarianism, feminism, conservatism—he gives it to him, in exchange for another A to slip into his backpack alongside all the others on his long trudge to the Harvard, Yale, Stanford law or business schools, and thence into the empyrean.

Murray Kempton once wrote that intellectual contentment in America consists in not giving a damn about Harvard. Harvard—and Yale, Princeton, Stanford, and the others—has over the past three or four decades made this contentment easy to achieve. All these schools have done so by becoming, at least in their humanities and social sciences sides, more and more mired in the mediocre. The reason for this is the politicization of the subjects that these academics, who have only the blurriest notion of how academic freedom is supposed to work, have allowed to take over the universities.

Harvard, I remember hearing some years ago, is looking for a strong feminist. One should have thought it would be the other way round: feminism trying to establish a beachhead at Harvard. Not so. Like Gadarene swine, the putatively best of American colleges have rushed to take on the worst of intellectual freight. Behind the much-vaunted notion of diversity in contemporary universities is the attempt to make sure that no corpus of bad ideas isn't amply represented. In this attempt, the top universities have succeeded admirably.

The problem set for the good student, then, is to negotiate his way through this bramble of bad ideas. My son, who went to Stanford, told me at the time that a not uncommon opening session in some of his classes was for a professor to announce that he was going to teach his course from the Marxist (or feminist or new historicist or Foucauldian) point of view, but he wanted the students to know that everyone in class was entirely free to disagree with him, and indeed he encouraged strong disagreement. My son was the boy who, from the back of the room, could be heard faintly muttering, "Yeah, sure, for a B-."

I did my teaching at Northwestern University, where most of the students had what I came to regard as "the habits of achievement." They did the reading, most of them could write a respectable paper, many of them talked decently in response to my questions. They made it difficult for me to give them less than a B for the course. But the only students who genuinely interested me went beyond being good students to become passionate ones. Their minds, I could tell, were engaged upon more than merely getting another high grade. The number of such students was remarkably small; if I had to pin it down, I should say they comprised well under 3 percent, and not all of them received A's from me.

Universities are the last bastion of snobbery in America. The problem is that the snobbery works. No parent whose child has the choice of going to Princeton or Arizona State is likely to advise the kid to become a Sun Devil.

Meanwhile our good student, resembling no one so much as that Italian character in *Catch-22* who claimed to have flourished under the fascists, then flourished under the Communists, and was confident he would also flourish under the Americans, treks on his merry way. From Yale to Harvard Law School, or Harvard to Yale Law School, or to one of the highly regarded (and content empty) business schools, he goes, as the Victorians had it, from strength to strength.

In recent years I have come to think that some of the worst people in the United States have gone to the Harvard or Yale Law Schools: Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Spitzer, Mr. and Mrs. William Clinton, and countless others. And why not, since these institutions serve as the grandest receptacles in the land for our good students: those clever, sometimes brilliant, but rarely deep young men and women who, joining furious drive to burning if ultimately empty ambition, will do anything to get ahead.

Universities are of course the last bastion of snobbery in America. The problem is that the snobbery works. Nor is this snobbery likely to be seriously eroded in our lifetime. No parent whose child has the choice of going to Princeton or Arizona State is likely to advise the kid to become a Sun Devil. Go to one of the supposedly better schools and your chances for success in the great world increase, flat-out, no doubt about it. To have been accepted at one of the top schools means that a child has done what he was told, followed instructions, kept his eye on the prize, played the game, and won. But does it mean much more?

Harry S. Truman and Ronald Reagan were two of the greatest presidents of the twentieth century. Truman didn't go to college at all, and Reagan, one strains to remember, went to Eureka College in Eureka, Illinois. Each was his own man, each, in his different way, without the least trace of conformity or hostage to received opinion or conventional wisdom. Schooling, even what passes for the best schooling, would, one feels, have made either man less himself and thereby probably worse.

The presence and continued flourishing of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford, and the rest do perform a genuine service. They allow America to believe it has a meritocracy, even though there is no genuine known merit about it. Perhaps one has to have taught at or otherwise had a closer look at these institutions to realize how thin they are. I myself feel their thinness so keenly that, on more than one occasion, I have, by way of informing one friend or acquaintance about another, said, "He went to Princeton and then to the Harvard Law School, but, really, he is much better than that." ♦

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To the Shores of Tripoli . . .

The place to stop pirates is on the beaches.

BY SETH CROPSEY

The November 15 hijacking 450 miles east of Mombasa, Kenya, of a thousand-plus foot oil tanker carrying more than two million barrels of crude oil forced international recognition that the seas have been dramatically added to the world's list of outlaw space. According to the International Maritime Bureau, recorded attacks by pirates in the Gulf of Aden area have more than tripled—to 92—in the past year. The million square mile swath of the Indian Ocean off, and south of, the Somali coast through which approximately 20,000 ships a year pass between Asia, Europe, and the Western Hemisphere is within hailing distance of smaller, but no less significant, portions of the Middle East and South/Central Asia whose lawlessness has produced important consequences around the world. The prospect of a large-scale meeting of lawless land and lawless sea would be especially troubling even if the possible failed state in the middle—Pakistan—didn't possess nuclear weaponry.

But for now, the problem is that Somali pirates who use global positioning devices to help identify potential targets, who deploy "mother" ships that can venture out to sea to launch and recover small fast boats, and who have mastered simple but effective tactics for capturing ships have transformed one of the world's strategic choke points into a watery version of the Cyclops' island home, a place without law. The consequences transcend what is already happening: spiking maritime insurance rates, significantly increased costs to international consumers as shipping lines reroute around the Cape of Good Hope, and a growing problem of captured ships' crews held hostage in Somali pirate havens—330 crew members from 25 nations at last count.

Worse outcomes are likely. Last year 70,000 vessels transited the Strait of Malacca between Malaysia and Sumatra, a choke point through which well over half of Japan's and China's energy passes. In February of this year pirates attacked the Bahamian-flagged supertanker *Kasagisan* as it sailed through the Malacca Strait, one of 71 incidents of piracy recorded so far this year in Asia. The perceived inability of powerful states to restore and maintain order on the high seas will encourage more piracy both in the Western approaches to the Indian Ocean, in the Malacca Strait, and at other international maritime junctures where a huge volume of valuable shipping squeezes through narrow spaces. Lawlessness breeds more lawlessness, especially when reward vastly exceeds risk.

A U.N. report released in the third week of November estimates at $25 million to $30 million the amount of ransom that has been paid this year alone to Somali pirates. Kenya's foreign minister places this figure at over $150 million. The pirates are emboldened not only by cash, but by the vanishingly small chance that they will be apprehended or imprisoned, either by a dysfunctional Somali government or by the states that contribute naval combatants to antipiracy operations in the area.

Deplorable in itself, the growth of piracy also raises the possibility that terrorists will be attracted both by financial incentive and by the international publicity that would result if a passenger ship were to be sunk with large loss of life. In November 2005 pirates in fast boats from a mother ship attacked the U.S.-based luxury cruise ship *Seabourn Spirit* as she sailed about 70 miles off the Somali coast. The ship's security personnel repelled the assault and an Explosive Ordnance Demolition Team from a U.S. Navy frigate boarded the ship following the incident to remove an unexploded rocket-propelled grenade fired in the attack. But the incident demonstrates a fraction of what terrorists could hope to achieve, a loss of innocent life at sea to equal or surpass the casualties of September 2001.

International response to the Somali pirates has consisted chiefly of seven NATO member-states' naval vessels, whose presence might make would-be pirates think twice if they weren't stretched thin patrolling an area the size of Kazakhstan. They protect as best they can the delivery of thousands of tons of humanitarian assistance to Somalia, while U.S. naval combatants are occupied preventing the offloading of a hijacked cargo of tanks, antiaircraft guns, and rocket-propelled grenades in the hold of the Ukrainian ship MV *Faina*, hijacked off Somalia in late September. This is an important mission, but one that if successful will deny weapons to their intended end-users while allowing negotiations to proceed for ransom. Keeping tabs on *Faina* will neither deter nor stop future piracy. The payment of ransom guarantees more of the same.

The Indian navy, meanwhile, found itself in a position to take more forceful action. The frigate INS *Tabar* did so with distinction answering in self-defense a pirate mother ship that challenged her in the Gulf of Aden on the night of November 18. The Indian frigate refused to stop and opened fire. *Tabar* sank the pirate vessel and chased the smaller accompanying vessels. The Indians acted sensibly and effectively. They deserve credit.

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But the growing number of pirate attacks against shipping in a rapidly expanding area of international waters is unlikely to be deterred and will certainly not be stopped by a small or even a medium-sized naval force. The small fast boats that carry out the actual assaults can be loaded aboard fishing vessels, small freighters, and other unremarkable-looking merchantmen; new mother ships can always be found, especially when pirate coffers are filling with ransom. Nor are the pirates likely to be dissuaded by the air and naval blockade of the Somali coast that an international association of tanker owners proposed in the last week of November. Preventing a single large ship from slipping out of an enclosed sea is difficult enough—as the *Bismarck*'s departure from Gotenhafen in May 1941 demonstrates. Culling the guilty few from the innocent many along a 1,900 mile coast would absorb the energies of several navies with no reasonable assurance of success.

Americans ought to know the limits of relying on naval power alone to stop piracy as a result of the nation's experience in the Barbary Coast wars. Years of paying tribute to government-sponsored North African pirates produced increasing demands—as Thomas Jefferson warned. Once inaugurated, he rejected Tripoli's demand for tribute. Naval warfare followed in which small, fast pirate boats darted out to capture valuable prizes. Notwithstanding the offshore victories of larger American frigates, a successful conclusion was only reached by combined naval, Marine, and mercenary action that captured the Tripolitan town of Derna. Rightly convinced that he was squarely in the Americans' sights, the Bashaw of Tripoli agreed to peace, thus concluding the First Barbary War in 1805.

The second Barbary War ended similarly as the threat of Commodore Stephen Decatur's nine-ship squadron's guns trained on various North African cities convinced rulers to withdraw their demands for tribute and recognize U.S. shipping rights. Patrolling the Mediterranean was not nearly as persuasive in stopping piracy as denying pirates the bases from which to conduct operations or threatening those who supported them with destruction. The reference in the Marine hymn is to "the shores of Tripoli," not to its bays or littoral or coastal estuaries. The shore is where the problem festered. The shore is where it was resolved. And the shore is where today's problem should be addressed if an end to piracy is the objective.

Pirates leave the MV *Faina*, under observation by a U.S. Navy ship.

REUTERS / U.S. NAVY / LANDOV

Trying to restore order to Somalia in the hope that a stronger government could control piracy is a worthy effort which Washington should continue and redouble. Successful diplomacy and effective local reconstruction efforts could indeed reduce the real possibility of a local Islamist takeover and offer relief for the country's unfortunate people. But Somalia's descent into turmoil began almost two decades ago, and is as unlikely to be reversed soon by soft as by hard power. The jihadist threat—in the form of the Islamic Courts Union which controls most of the country—has already been unleashed on the region. What sense is there in failing to stop a serious incipient threat—sea piracy—out of concern at exacerbating a terrorist threat that already flourishes?

The Russians have suggested attacking such pirate bases as Eyl in the northern Puntland region of Somalia. The idea deserves serious consideration. Naval patrols can reduce piracy, but they cannot stop it. So long as the risk of serious punishment is low and the ransoms that shipping companies pay are high, piracy will thrive and multiply. Failure in antipiracy efforts off the Somali coast is likely to encourage more piracy elsewhere and invite terrorists into the act. Adding international defeat at the hands of ingenious Somali pirates to the failure to find and kill Osama bin Laden increases the perception that states are powerless in the face of daunting challenges to international order.

This failure will increase the jihadists' contempt for us as it further weakens the currency of such accepted ideas as honoring treaties, respecting borders, and abiding by proscriptions against the use of force. The spread of chaos on the high seas threatens not only the commerce on which a globalizing world depends. It is an ominous step toward international chaos. A multilateral naval/amphibious operation that denies pirates the bases they need to operate would give powerful sinews to the idea that an international community can protect its endangered interests. If such agreement cannot be reached, the interest of the United States in untrammeled access to the world's seas requires that we act alone. ♦

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The Obama Jolt

Is Barack a secret centrist?

BY FRED BARNES

Barack Obama wants to give the economy a jolt. So far, though, the biggest jolt we've seen is the one the economy has given to Obama. That jolt, in the form of a plummeting stock market, upset Obama's desire for a leisurely transition. It made him virtually America's acting president.

Obama is fond of saying—he said it again last week—that the country has only one president at a time, and until January 20 it's George W. Bush. True enough, but financial markets don't look at Washington that way. They focus on the future, and that means Obama. Financial markets demanded at least some comforting hints about Obama's plans for reversing the economic downturn.

Reluctantly, Obama has begun to provide them. But it took a 900-point dip in the stock market, plus persistent pleas, for Obama to act. After two days of market collapse, his aides spread the word that Obama's choice for secretary of the Treasury would be Timothy Geithner, the head of the Federal Reserve in New York.

Last week, Obama made his choice of Geithner official. And he named former Treasury secretary Larry Summers his top economic counselor at the White House and chose a monetarist, Christina Romer of the University of California at Berkeley, as the head of the Council of Economic Advisers. The stock market rallied. This was change financial markets could believe in.

There's a larger point here. It's not that Obama, despite his unswervingly liberal record in the Senate, turns out to be a pragmatist. The point is he's pragmatic (so far) in one direction—rightward. Who knew?

His national security choices also underscore this point. Hillary Clinton benefits from not being John Kerry, who desperately wants to be secretary of state. And Obama owes Kerry for having lifted him from obscurity and made him keynote speaker at the 2004 Democratic convention. But knowing Kerry, Obama looked elsewhere and fastened on Clinton as his secretary of state.

Clinton, for all her shortcomings, doesn't hail from the surrender-at-all-costs wing of the Democratic party. Nor does retired Marine general Jim Jones, who's slated to be Obama's national security adviser. Jones, an Iraq war skeptic, is a strong supporter of offshore drilling and other steps to increase domestic production of oil and gas.

Then there's Bob Gates, Bush's defense secretary. Obama wants to keep him at the Pentagon for another year. Liberals and the media like Gates because he replaced the man they loved to hate, Donald Rumsfeld. But Gates is no dove and no ally of the antiwar left.

So the scoreboard looks like this: Three of the four cabinet posts that matter most are going to those with views acceptable to the center-right of the Democratic party. That's Geithner, Clinton, and Gates. The fourth, attorney general, will provoke a confirmation fight if Obama chooses his buddy Eric Holder, famous as President Clinton's deputy attorney general for facilitating the pardon of Marc Rich.

Three out of four isn't bad. Conservatives aren't jumping for joy. But imagine how the left wing of the Democratic party—the dominant wing, after all—feels. Let down would be an understatement.

Organized labor must be crazed over the selection of Summers. As a believer in the indispensability of global trade, Summers is bound to advise Obama to reject labor's call for limitations on trade, especially during a world financial breakdown. In fact, I suspect he's already urged Obama to go along with "card check," labor's latest scheme for unionizing workers, but not the protectionist agenda. Tinkering with trade would unsettle financial markets.

And how about the environmental lobby, which totally embraced Obama? Jones will be hard for environmentalists to stomach. And the foreign policy left? The left views Jones, Clinton, and Gates as enemies.

The losers in the Obama administration, as of now, are Joe Biden and Susan Rice, favorites of the left. Biden's role in foreign policy is likely to be minimal with Clinton at the State Department. She'll squash him if he sticks his head up. Rice, an assistant secretary of state in the Clinton administration and an Obama campaign adviser, may wind up as United Nations ambassador, a highly visible but inconsequential post. She'll have little influence.

The Washington cliché about appointments is that personnel is policy. It's an exaggeration but essentially true. If Obama wants to pursue

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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economic and national security policies that would thrill MoveOn.org, William Ayers, and the Democratic left, he has a funny way of showing it. The only reasonable conclusion is he's spurning the left.

Obama has dozens of lesser posts to fill, and no doubt he'll use some of those jobs to assuage the left. Labor can probably have its pick as secretary of labor. For all Obama's talk about education reform, chances are he'll bow to the teachers' lobby in choosing an education secretary. If former Senate Democratic leader Tom Daschle becomes health and human services secretary, that will please the single-payer crowd and the champions of more government-managed health care.

But financial markets are Obama's overriding concern as president-elect. In their eyes, he's acting president. In his postelection press conference on November 7, Obama said his aides would be monitoring markets and the economy. The transition, in other words, would be relaxed and unhurried.

Last week, Obama's tone had changed. He was alarmed. He held press conferences three days in a row. He said he'd be getting full daily briefings on what's happening on Wall Street and Main Street. "We don't intend to stumble into the next administration," he said.

In trying to give financial markets a sense of comfort and continuity about his priorities, Obama might have provided one further note of assurance: that he won't raise taxes in 2009 or 2010. He stopped short of that.

But he offered a signal. Interviewed on *60 Minutes*, Obama said, "We shouldn't worry about the deficit next year or even the year after." Later he told reporters his advisers would recommend whether to repeal the Bush tax cuts for the well-to-do and on capital gains and dividends, or merely allow the cuts to be "not renewed" and thus expire at the end of 2010. With the door opened to leaving the cuts in place, shutting it would be hazardous. Keeping the cuts would enrage the left, but financial markets would appreciate the jolt. ♦

Wrinklies at Work

Why do we think early retirement is sacrosanct?

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

"Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go" cheerfully sing Snow White's diminutive friends as they head out for a day of toil. And they're 71 years old. So why do so many of us less vertically disadvantaged worry about the talk of extending by a few years beyond age 62 or 65 or 67 the date on which we can more or less afford to say goodbye to work?

Well, for some it is the sheer drudgery of their work. I am reminded of an old Red Skelton sketch in which he works in a Post Office, repetitively hand-cancelling stamps. Always with his eye on the clock. And when it hits 5 P.M., if he is in mid-downward stroke with his cancellation stamp, he returns it to the rack rather than complete the task.

Most jobs are not that tedious. But some are. And those who hold them have every right to watch the calendar with the same intense attention that Skelton watched the clock. So, too, with the remaining jobs that involve back-breaking or dangerous work, the sort that made men—almost all were men—long for that 5 o'clock whistle. When the 65-year-old retirement age was enshrined in law, there were tens of thousands of such difficult jobs, and it should be no surprise that rather than die in the traces, many looked forward to slicing their birthday cake at age 65 with such strength as remained in their arms, and then doing whatever it is they had been dreaming about for the few remaining years they expected to be around.

That was then and this is now. Life expectancy at age 65 has gone from 77, when the Social Security system was established, to 87 today. Not all of the additional years are golden ones, of course, witness the rise in health care costs—which put some of the gilt on the golden years—as individuals age, some with infirmities that make work impossible. But work has become less tedious for many, and less physically demanding for many others. Still, opposition to raising the retirement age is thought to be so fierce that no politician dares speak the name of such a policy.

With some reason. A casual look at Labor Department data provided by an expert in these matters, my Hudson Institute colleague Diana Furchtgott-Roth, shows that for much of the post-World War II period a larger and larger portion of people over the age of 65 chose not to participate in the work force. In 1948, almost half of all men over 65, and 9 percent of women, worked. Thereafter, the portion of older men who worked declined steadily until around 1995, when only 17 percent of those over the age of 65 chose to continue in the work force (the portion of women declined only ever so slightly).

But then a funny thing happened. The trends reversed. Now, 22 percent of men in this age group, and almost 14 percent of women, remain at or return to work. And remember: anecdote should not be allowed to trump data in a matter such as this. Television provides the anecdotes: interviews with oldsters (I rather prefer the Australian word, "wrinklies") who have been forced by the decline in their 401(k)s to return to the work force. The Department of Labor provides the data, which show that the trend for older people to remain at work emerged more than a decade

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before the current collapse in asset values—during the boom years of the 1990s, in fact.

An even more interesting statistic is this one: The percentage of men 75 years and older who are counted as participants in the workforce is soaring, from 7.1 percent in 1987 to 10.6 percent—a 50 percent increase in two decades. As for women 75 years and over, many of whom have work experience and skills once not readily available to them, 5.5 percent now choose to work, more than doubling the 2.4 percent who made a similar choice in 1987. And none of these numbers include the older people who do unpaid volunteer work.

Could it be that even the joys of flat-screen, high-definition television sets and the multiplication of sporting events cannot offset reasons to eschew the couch for the workplace? Or that as Earl Weaver, manager of the Baltimore Orioles, once claimed, his wife married him for better or worse but not to have him home for lunch? Or that the thought of being trapped for 24 hours every day with a spouse but no new experiences to report makes many men and women flee to post-retirement jobs?

George Will has admonished us scribblers not to commit sociology, so I leave such speculation to the professionals on the *New York Times* op-ed page. Let's concentrate on the economic factors that might explain the increased willingness of older people, around the age reached by Snow White's pals as they merrily put picks on shoulders, to keep their noses to some grindstone. One reason we see more people at work past the age of 70 or 75 seems to be that mechanization has replaced most picks (with the possible exception of those wielded by young immigrant workers), and there are fewer grindstones: Work just ain't what it used to be. Whether it is writing computer programs, or even bagging groceries, the need for a physique akin to that shown in posters extolling the Soviet Union's Stakhonovite workers is no more.

Nor is the physical condition of the aged what it once was. They are healthier than ever, even those whose body parts have been borrowed and whose joints have been replaced. They may not be the bionic men and women of science fiction, but most Americans over the age of 70 lend credence to the saying, "70 is the new 50." Surely that is true of the upper echelons of the worlds of business and finance: Warren Buffett, Kirk Kerkorian, Henry Kissinger, Rupert Murdoch, Sumner Redstone, and Paul Volcker, to name only a few of the perpetually youthful titans, hardly have to drag themselves out of bed in the morning to go to the office. On the contrary, they can hardly wait to get there, to climb the next mountain. And the same seems to be true of wrinkles who are taking part-time jobs everywhere from Wal-Mart to your local supermarket. Furchtgott-Roth points out that it is relatively easy in America "to find a job that fits the time you want to work."

> Society should not make a general practice of breaching its contracts. Nothing, however, prevents it from making a new and different contract with those entering the retirement system.

True, there are others in the upper-age group who work out of a necessity created by rising health care costs (many reflecting the cost of the huge improvement in medical technology), or who want to supplement their retirement incomes with a bit of additional purchasing power, or to add something to the stash they will leave behind for children and other heirs. Their motives are pecuniary. But they are able to work, and they do work. In increasing numbers.

All this despite a major tax incentive to stay at home. For by earning current income they reduce the after-tax value of their Social Security benefits. A nation that needs its experienced and trained workers to continue to contribute to its prosperity instead has created an incentive for them to languish on the bench rather than enter the game. Odd, that.

Odd, too, the notion that any effort further to extend the age at which Social Security payments begin would cause a huge backlash. True, we have a social contract with those in the retirement system to deliver a certain amount of money at a certain time in their lives. We did break, or perhaps only bend, that contract when we decided to tax the Social Security income of those who chose to continue working, and to inch up the retirement age. But society should not make a general practice of breaching its contracts. Nothing, however, prevents it from making a new and different contract with those entering the retirement system. For them, the deal could be a higher retirement age, perhaps in return for more sensible tax treatment of their retirement incomes.

After all, when Bismarck, then 74, initiated the idea of state responsibility for its elderly population, he chose 70 years as the proper retirement age. Only decades later did Germany lower that to 65. Surely when the idea crossed the ocean to these shores Franklin Roosevelt had it wrong and Bismarck had had it right. But it's never too late to recognize that, unlike many other countries in which work is seen as an unfortunate but necessary predicate to retirement, America is a place where people like to work. It's what we do best. If you doubt that, consider this: Only 3 percent of French men and women aged 65-to-69 remain at work.

Furchtgott-Roth chuckles when recalling that European policymakers who visited her when she was chief economist at the Department of Labor asked, "How do you get your old people to work?" They didn't understand, she says, that given our low taxes, flexible work patterns, and national psyche, government didn't have to "get them to work"—the older folks want to work. Which might, just might, explain our persistent place at the top of international productivity and competitiveness tables. Another example of American exceptionalism. ♦

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The Marriage Juggernaut

Why Arizona flipped on gay nuptials.

BY KEVIN VANCE

Arizona voters last month approved an amendment to the state constitution defining marriage as "only a union of one man and one woman"—just two years after they rejected a similar though broader amendment, making Arizona the first state in the Union to reject a ballot initiative aimed at preventing gay marriage. What happened between 2006, when Proposition 107 was narrowly rejected, and 2008, when Proposition 102 breezed through?

The Prop. 107 campaign unfolded against a backdrop of consistent success for ballot initiatives banning same-sex marriage. In 2004, 11 states had passed such measures by large margins, and 7 more would pass them in 2006. Yet Prop. 107 had several strikes against it. Its proponents lost the money race, outraised almost two to one by the opposition. And in a terrible year for Republicans generally, Arizona was especially bad: Democrats picked up retiring Rep. Jim Kolbe's seat and defeated conservative star J.D. Hayworth.

At bottom, though, the content of Prop. 107 was probably decisive.

Cathi Herrod, president of the conservative Center for Arizona Policy, told me the length and complexity of the ballot initiative cost the "yes" campaign between 5 and 11 percent of the vote. In particular, the opposition was able to frame the debate around the amendment's most controversial provision, which read: "The State of Arizona and its cities, towns, counties or districts shall not create or recognize a legal status for unmarried persons that is similar to marriage." This would have eliminated the domestic partnership status that some Arizonans already enjoyed under local law in Tucson, the state's second largest city.

Opponents of Prop. 107 focused special attention on elderly cohabiting heterosexual couples who took advantage of Tuscon's domestic partnership provisions to secure benefits they would lose if they married. Some voters feared Prop. 107 would end Arizonans' access to the benefits their partners received under some companies' and state and local governments' health plans, though leaders of the "yes" campaign doubted the proposition would affect most benefits or the right to hospital visitation.

After Prop. 107 went down to defeat by a vote of 48-52 percent, supporters of same-sex marriage adopted a clear strategy: They would back new partnership benefits, then frame the public debate around protecting those benefits, all the while paving the way for same-sex marriage. But opponents of gay marriage also learned from their loss.

They decided to push for a simple, straightforward amendment that would enshrine the traditional definition of marriage without touching the domestic partnership issues raised in 2006, thus making it difficult for the opposition to obscure the central issue. "Just the simple definition of marriage was what we wanted to do," said Herrod. "Other issues related to that would be addressed at a different time."

In last month's vote, the proponents of Prop. 102 shed their financial disadvantage, receiving over $7 million in contributions and swamping the mere $600,000 raised by the opposition. And they ran what Herrod describes as a "first class campaign," with five television ads and even more radio spots.

The ads highlighted the simplicity of the ballot initiative and cast doubt on the opposition's argument that Arizona statutory law already defined marriage as between a man and a woman. With courts in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and neighboring California delivering gay marriage to their states by judicial fiat, proponents of traditional marriage in Arizona could see the need to enshrine the definition of marriage in the state constitution. California voters themselves saw the need, approving a ballot initiative last month that nullified the imposition of gay marriage by the state's supreme court in May.

Sam Holdren, public affairs director of Equality Arizona, which opposed Prop. 102, blamed California's ballot initiative for fundraising difficulties in Arizona. "We were only able to talk to a limited number of voters with a very narrow message," said Holdren, while the supporters "were able to inundate people's mailboxes and phones. They had a lot of money to run a really effective campaign."

Arizona's religious leaders played no small part in turning out their congregants to vote for Prop. 102. Herrod said she had heard of evangelical pastors who spoke in favor of the amendment from the pulpit. Catholic Bishop Thomas Olmsted of Phoenix taped a short message that explained why traditional marriage is a "nonnegotiable issue" for Catholics, an unprecedented move. The diocese believes the tape was played at every mass in its jurisdiction.

While this angered some liberal Catholics, Ron Johnson, the executive director of the public policy agency for the three Arizona dioceses, said Bishop Olmsted's message led to a 32-point uptick in support for Prop. 102 among churchgoing Catholics.

Johnson disputes the notion that the gay marriage amendment is sim-

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ply an instance of faith groups' trying to impose their "values" on the public. "Marriage is the foundation of the family, and the family is the basic cell of society," he argues. "It's important to religion, but it transcends it because of the natural law and the benefits to society."

Not everyone thought so. Beth Walkup, wife of Tucson's mayor and co-chair of the "no" campaign, tried to capitalize on a bias against social issues. "How can Phoenix politicians continue to waste our time and money with divisive issues, when they should be addressing the important issues facing our state?" she asked in a radio ad.

In the end, about 97 percent of Arizonans who went to the polls on November 4 thought Prop. 102 was important enough to merit their attention. Those voters endorsed Prop. 102 by 56-44 percent. The initiative won every county in the state except Pima (Tucson), and even there the vote was extremely close.

"Arizona voters spoke loud and clear," says Herrod, "that marriage is a very important issue, that marriage is a timeless value."

So did voters in Florida and even California, bringing to 29 the number of states that have passed constitutional amendments defining marriage as between a man and a woman. At the same time, many liberal commentators and several conservative ones were predicting the ultimate victory of gay marriage, as younger people enter the electorate and societal trends push our politics in an inevitable direction.

It is worth noting, however, that exit polls in Arizona showed that only 51 percent of 18-24-year-old voters rejected Prop. 102. Herrod said reaching this group is a priority for the Center for Arizona Policy. Until the younger generation starts to get married and begin families, it is probably too soon to declare traditional civil marriage dead. After all, with Arizona voters' embrace of Prop. 102, traditional marriage has now been codified by every state that has put the question to a popular vote. ♦

Remember the Holodomor

The Soviet starvation of Ukraine, 75 years later.

BY CATHY YOUNG

This year marks the 75th anniversary of one of the most horrific chapters in the history of the Soviet Union: the great famine the Ukrainians call Holodomor, "murder by starvation." This catastrophe, which killed an estimated 6 to 10 million people in 1932-33, was largely the product of deliberate Soviet policies. Inevitably, then, its history is fodder for acrimonious disputes.

Ukraine—which, with Canada and a few other countries, observed Holodomor Remembrance Day on November 23—seeks international recognition for a Ukrainian "genocide." Russia denounces that demand as political exploitation of a wider tragedy. Some Russian human rights activists are skeptical of both positions.

Meanwhile, the famine remains little known in the West, despite efforts by the Ukrainian diaspora. Indeed, the West has its own inglorious history with regard to the famine, starting with the deliberate cover-up by Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* correspondent Walter Duranty.

In the late 1980s, the famine gained new visibility thanks to Robert Conquest's *Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine* (1987) and the TV documentary *Harvest of Despair*, aired in the United States and Canada. A backlash from the left was quick to follow. Revisionist Sovietologist J. Arch Getty accused Conquest of parroting the propaganda of "exiled nationalists." And in January 1988, the *Village Voice* ran a lengthy essay by Jeff Coplon (now a contributing editor at *New York* magazine) titled "In Search of a Soviet Holocaust: A 55-Year-Old Famine Feeds the Right." Coplon sneered at "the prevailing vogue of anti-Stalinism" and dismissed as absurd the idea that the famine had been created by the Communist regime. Such talk, he asserted, was meant to justify U.S. imperialism and whitewash Ukrainian collaboration with the Nazis.

By the time Coplon wrote, however, the Soviet regime was dying. The partial opening of Soviet archives soon confirmed the extent to which Stalin and his henchmen knowingly used hunger to punish resistance and beat the peasantry into submission. Among the finds was a direct order by Stalin to cordon off starving villages and intercept peasants trying to flee in search of food. The post-Soviet leadership of both Russia and Ukraine was willing to acknowledge the Terror-Famine, though differences soon emerged on whether it should be regarded as a Ukrainian genocide or equal-opportunity mass murder.

Ukrainian-Russian relations began to deteriorate after the "Orange Revolution" of late 2004. Russia under Vladimir Putin was sliding deeper into authoritarianism and anti-Western nationalism, while Ukraine, led by President Viktor Yushchenko, sought closer ties to the West. Even as the political mood in Russia began to emphasize the alleged positive aspects of the Soviet past, Yushchenko promoted a view of Soviet-era Ukraine as a "captive nation" under a foreign boot.

In November 2006, the Ukrainian parliament passed a bill proclaiming the Holodomor a genocide and mak-

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ing Holodomor denial "unlawful." An escalation of rhetoric followed; a 2007 statement by the Russian Foreign Ministry accused "certain political circles" in Ukraine of insulting the memory of non-Ukrainian famine victims. Since then, the pro-government Russian press has published dozens of articles assailing Ukraine's stance on the Holodomor as an insidious anti-Russian ploy. This year, President Dmitry Medvedev declined an invitation to Holodomor Remembrance Day ceremonies in Kiev in a petulant letter that dismissed "talk of the so-called Holodomor" as an "immoral" attempt to give a shared tragedy a nationalist spin and also took a swipe at Ukraine's desire to join NATO.

Some independent Russian commentators accuse both governments of playing politics. Thus, an article by St. Petersburg-based scholar Kirill Aleksandrov on the Gazeta.ru website on November 17 argued that the Terror-Famine was not a genocide in the classic sense but a "stratocide"—mass extermination based on social class—directed at the peasantry. Yet, he wrote, the Kremlin cannot fully confront this crime since that would conflict with its quest to build a state ideology that incorporates the "positive value" of the Soviet period. "Unfortunately," Aleksandrov summed up, "the millions of victims of collectivization will be used in Ukraine only for political manipulation and the creation of Russophobic myths, while Russia will consistently try to erase their memory in order to preserve the legitimacy of the current regime, which cannot exist without appealing to Soviet historical tradition."

A starkly different view was offered by journalist Yulia Latynina on the website EJ.ru. Latynina noted that while Stalin's terror affected every segment of Soviet society, specific groups were sometimes singled out—among them the Ukrainian peasant class in the early 1930s. "Stalin was destroying the peasantry by herding it into collective farms," she wrote. "It so happened that the wealthiest peasantry was in Ukraine. . . . It so happened that Stalin was afraid of Ukraine's independence and undertook special efforts to break Ukraine." Supporters of Ukraine's position also deny that it is "Russophobic," pointing to Yushchenko's explicit statements that the Holodomor was a crime of the Soviet Communist regime, not the Russian people.

Which view is accurate? Scholars still disagree both on the scope of the famine and on its ethnic "specificity." One of the most vocal opponents of the Ukrainian government's view is former Soviet dissident Alexander Babyonyshev (writing under the pen name Sergey Maksudov), now an émigré professor at Harvard, who studied the Terror-Famine in Soviet times when it was politically dangerous.

There is no question that the famine caused deaths beyond Ukraine. It is generally believed that about half of the victims were in Ukraine and the predominantly Ukrainian-populated Russian region of Kuban. The millions of others who perished included Russian peasants and close to a third of the population of Kazakhstan.

There is also no doubt that the famine was man-made. Most Soviet peasants resisted the collectivization that began in the 1930s. When joining collective farms was voluntary, few signed up, and many who did soon left. Forcible collectivization was met with peasant rebellions, ruthlessly suppressed, then with quiet resistance. When villagers realized that collective farming meant backbreaking labor for the state at slave wages, many staged work slowdowns. As a result, grain production targets were not met at a time when Moscow relied on grain exports to finance industrialization. The regime then instituted a policy of ruthless confiscation of grain that left no food for the peasants; in many regions, villages that failed to meet the quota were also forced to surrender all other foodstuffs.

Recent articles detailing the Soviet regime's war on the peasantry, based on Soviet archives, describe a living hell: government agents going door to door confiscating food; families in recalcitrant villages forced out of their homes and left to freeze; men and women tortured to make them reveal hidden stockpiles of food; widespread cannibalism. These horrors were by no means limited to Ukraine.

It is nonetheless true that Stalin's fateful decision to blockade famine-stricken areas, issued in January 1933, was initially directed at Ukraine and Kuban. This has prompted French historian Nicolas Werth, coauthor of *The Black Book of Communism*, to reconsider his view of the Terror-Famine as ethnically neutral class warfare. In an address at the Harvard Ukrainian Institute on November 18, Werth said he now believes there is sufficient evidence to support the "national interpretation" of the famine. This evidence, in his view, includes the fact that the Holodomor coincided with a Soviet campaign against Ukrainian nationalism, with purges and executions targeting Ukraine's political and cultural elites. Yet Werth concluded with a pointed plea to remember all the victims of the Communist war on the peasantry.

Recognition of the Holodomor as genocide is complicated by several factors. The ethnic component of the Terror-Famine in Ukraine was not driven by a nationalist animus against Ukrainians but by Stalin's paranoia about Ukrainian nationalism and alleged ties to Poland. Moreover, many of the people who carried out the exterminationist policies were ethnic Ukrainians. Perhaps, as Russian historian Boris Sokolov has argued, a proper condemnation of Communist terror requires a new category: mass murder not motivated by ethnic hatred.

The scholarly and political debate will doubtless continue. Last September, the U.S. Congress passed a resolution declaring the Holodomor a genocide; a month later, the European Parliament voted to recognize it as a "crime against humanity" but stopped short of the G-word. Meanwhile, it seems that the only time Russia's government remembers the Russian victims of the Terror-Famine is when it needs them to counter Ukrainian claims about "the so-called Holodomor." ♦

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Columbia University, Slumlord

Working hand-in-hand with New York City and state, the Ivy League university bullies its neighbors with eminent domain law.

By Jonathan V. Last

Manhattanville, New York

Nick Sprayregen stands on the corner of 130th and Broadway pointing out the disarray. What was once a neighborhood gas station is now abandoned, its yard closed off by a chain-link fence topped with a spiral of razor wire. Inside the fence, debris is casually strewn about. Outside, the sidewalk is littered with broken glass. A derelict shopping cart is propped against the building, which itself is marked with stray graffiti. An electrical box on the side of the building has been pried open. Some of the wiring has been ripped out; what remains is exposed to the elements. This rundown property is owned by Columbia University. In fact, the Ivy League school owns 70 percent of the surrounding area—known as Manhattanville—much of which is in similarly dilapidated condition.

It wasn't always this way. Manhattanville was never trendy, but it was once an active neighborhood full of light industry—auto shops, warehouses, and the like. But as Columbia began buying up the neighborhood, businesses left. Eighteen buildings in Manhattanville are now at least 50 percent vacant; Columbia owns 17 of them and they were nearly all fully occupied before Columbia acquired them. As a study put together by Sprayregen's lawyer explains, "Each became vacant only after, or immediately prior to Columbia's acquisition or assumption of control." And the university's actions seem designed to keep them vacant.

Columbia notifies neighbors of its plans.

The building at 3251 Broadway, for example, was home to six auto repair businesses, an auto parts store, a woodwork restoration business, and a travel agency before Columbia acquired it. In 2005, Columbia refused to renew leases on the upper floors, citing a dangerous elevator. The university then erected sidewalk sheds in front of the building, hiding the ground-floor storefronts, claiming that there was a problem with the building's façade. But they have never initiated any repairs. The businesses emptied out of 3251 Broadway, and today the building stands vacant except for a small auto parts store on the ground floor. The unsightly sidewalk sheds still hulk over the front doors. Many of the buildings Columbia owns in Manhattanville have "For Rent" signs. Yet as Sprayregen's lawyer notes, "Calls to numbers listed on signs on Columbia-owned buildings advertising space for rent could never reach a live person and messages were never returned."

Sprayregen is one of Columbia's neighbors. He owns Tuck-It-Away Storage, a thriving self-storage business, which has five buildings in Manhattanville. He leases out the ground floors of some of his properties, but recently has had a hard time getting businesses to fill the space. As his leasing agent explains, "We have had literally hundreds of offers, most from reputable, well-financed concerns willing to lease on a long-term basis. . . . At some point along the line, with all of these concerns, the knowledge that Columbia University can or will invoke eminent domain has caused them to seek out alternative space arrangements." Even when the university isn't taking direct action, its very presence drives away businesses.

Each of Sprayregen's buildings is kept in pristine condition. But Columbia wants his land. So the university has

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Manhattanville landowner and Columbia nemesis Nick Sprayregen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KONRAD FIEDLER

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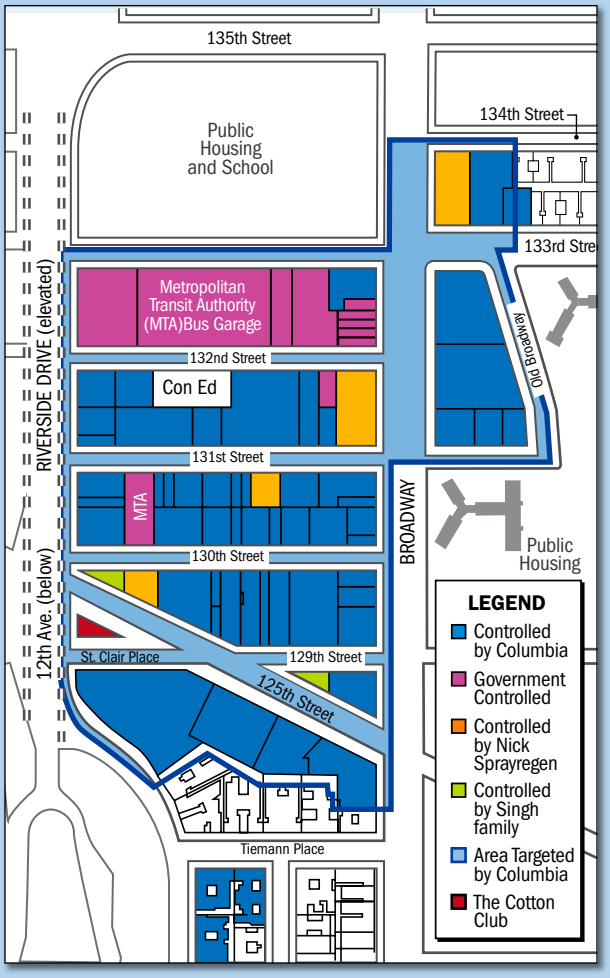
THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



Situated just north of Columbia's main campus in Morningside Heights, Manhattanville has been targeted by the university for acquisition since at least the 1960s. The current plan is ambitious, to say the least: Columbia wants to take 17 acres in Manhattanville and dig down seven stories to create a contiguous 2 million square foot sub-basement connecting all eight blocks of the new Manhattanville campus.

If it gets its way, the university eventually will have 6.8 million square feet of usable indoor space to devote to its business school, school for the arts, Jerome L. Greene Science Center, and more. The project is budgeted at nearly $7 billion and is not scheduled to be completed until 2030.

SOURCES: COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NICK SPRAYREGEN

been working with the state of New York to have the neighborhood declared "blighted." If that designation is made, the government will be able to take Sprayregen's well-kept property and hand it over to the university, which owns the run-down buildings. And only then, when they have their neighbor's land, does Columbia promise to clean up its act and make Manhattanville nice again.

It's a curious situation—the government punishing a landowner who takes care of his property and rewarding an owner who does not. But this is the through-the-looking-glass world of New York eminent domain law.

Columbia University's main campus sits in Morningside Heights, just south of Manhattanville—running from 114th to 120th Streets, bounded to the west by Broadway and the east by Amsterdam Avenue. Columbia built here in the 1890s, and over the decades the university has prospered. Today it has 14,000 people on its faculty and staff, 24,400 full- and part-time students, and an annual payroll of $1.25 billion. The school believes that in order to sustain its financial health, it needs more physical space. Columbia decided that the Manhattanville neighborhood a few blocks north was a good place for expansion.

It's not clear exactly when Columbia first set its eye on Manhattanville. The university publicly announced its plan in 2002 and hired architect Renzo Piano in 2003 to conceptualize the new campus. (Sprayregen contends that Columbia began quietly buying Manhattanville property in 2000.) The neighborhood has certainly been on the institution's radar for a long while. In 1968, the *New York Times* reported on Columbia's $150 million plan to redevelop Manhattanville from 125th to 135th Street. The plan never came to fruition, but the university was never particularly forthcoming about its redevelopment effort. As the *Times* reported, "Courtney C. Brown, dean of the Columbia School of Business, reluctantly disclosed the project in outline last night after *The New Republic* magazine had made public an article in its May 18 issue on Columbia's real-estate ventures." (The incident became infamous for the neighborhood's opposition to the building of a Columbia gym.)

The latest scheme is much more ambitious than the aborted 1968 plan, and just as secretive. The new plan seeks to take 17 acres in Manhattanville (from just below 129th to 134th, and between Broadway and Riverside Drive, which is elevated at that point) and dig down seven stories into the ground. Columbia wants to create a contiguous 2 million square foot sub-basement connecting all eight blocks of the new Manhattanville campus. The idea, as the university explains in the project FAQ,

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A view of Manhattanville looking north: The George Washington Bridge can be seen in the distance.

is to place parking, loading docks, and utilities for the entire enterprise underground, allowing "the majority of deliveries, mail, maintenance vehicles, equipment service trucks, and sanitation to be handled underground—as it is, for example, at Rockefeller Center."

Above ground, Columbia plans to build a series of glittering glass high-rises, as well as 94,000 square feet of open space in the form of parks and a square. In total, the university hopes to create 6.8 million square feet of usable indoor space for itself. It plans to move its business school and school for the arts to Manhattanville and to make the Jerome L. Greene Science Center the centerpiece of the new campus. This whole ambitious project is budgeted at nearly $7 billion and is not scheduled to be completed until 2030. The university has left blanks in the Manhattanville campus plan because it "is based on the understanding that it is impossible to know today all the new areas of learning and discovery that might arise decades into the future."

Columbia owns 70 percent of the land they seek to use in Manhattanville. Public agencies control 26 percent. And 4 percent of it is owned by two private parties—the Singh family, which owns two small gas stations, and Sprayregen. Initially, there were seven commercial property owners who banded together to oppose Columbia, but one by one, they were bought out. Now only Sprayregen and the Singhs remain.

Sprayregen's father, Gerald, founded Tuck-It-Away Storage in 1980. Nick graduated from NYU's business school in 1986 and took the reins in 1990. The business has grown considerably over the years; Sprayregen now owns 14 storage properties in New York and New Jersey totaling 1 million square feet of space. His business serves 7,000 customers. In the summer of 2004, representatives from Columbia took Sprayregen to lunch. "They were very nice to me and asked if my property was for sale," Sprayregen says. "I said no, and they called every week for the next few months to ask if I was sure and whether or not I had changed my mind."

At the time, Columbia had already begun coordinating with the Empire State Development Corporation (ESDC), the state office that rides herd over redevelopment projects and wields the power of eminent domain. Columbia had also hired a development consulting firm,

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Alee King Ross & Fleming (AKRF), to help it clear the hurdles to approval of its Manhattanville plan. AKRF was to help produce things like the Environmental Impact Statement and the City Map Override Proposal—which would help Columbia acquire the land underneath city streets to be used as part of the university's 17-acre subterranean bathtub.

Columbia also needed the city to rezone Manhattanville. The area was zoned for light industrial use, which is why the neighborhood consisted largely of auto shops and storage houses. Columbia would need the city to mark Manhattanville for mixed use in order to build its proposed campus. And finally, just in case some of the property owners in Manhattanville were not inclined to sell out to Columbia, the university had to make sure the state would be willing and able to invoke eminent domain on the school's behalf.

In order for New York State to seize land from one owner and hand it over to another, the government must prove the area is blighted. State law gives no concrete tests for what constitutes "blight." Different statutes mention different conditions that may constitute blight—"dilapidated structures," "under-utilization"—but none of them is quantified or defined so as to give it real legal meaning. In New York, blight is essentially whatever the government says it is. Which makes it nearly impossible for property owners to have the designation overturned.

But New York makes challenging eminent domain even more difficult. State law does not allow property owners to challenge eminent domain claims in a trial court. In every other state in the Union, owners have the right to challenge the government's assertion of eminent domain before a trial judge—meaning that they get the chance for discovery, to call witnesses on their behalf, to introduce evidence, and to challenge the government's assertions. New York routes challenges to eminent domain takings directly to an appellate court, where property owners are given 10 minutes to argue their case before a judge and cannot embark on any findings of fact—let alone challenge the facts asserted by the government. As Robert McNamara, a staff attorney for the Institute of Justice, wryly notes, "New York doesn't just stack the deck against property owners. They don't even let the property owners play."

In New York, blight is essentially whatever the government says it is. Which makes it nearly impossible for property owners to have the designation overturned. What is more, state law does not allow property owners to challenge eminent domain claims in a trial court, as they can in other states.

To have any legitimate shot at opposing eminent domain, a property owner needs to undertake an ad hoc defense *before* the state makes an eminent domain claim. This is done by filing FOIL requests (Freedom of Information Law—the New York State version of the federal government's FOIA) in lieu of discovery and by compiling legal briefs challenging whichever of the government's findings are made public. These materials must then be submitted as part of the Public Record—an open file maintained by the state during the course of redevelopment proceedings, which includes such materials as neighborhood conditions studies and notes from public hearings.

Such a defense requires deep pockets and a commitment to fighting the government for years. All before you even know for sure whether or not your land is on the block. Because if you wait to retain counsel and challenge the government until after they've declared your property blighted and invoked eminent domain, it is too late; you are no longer entitled to any findings of fact. Once you get before the appellate court for your 10 minutes of due process, the only facts the judge will rely on are the ones the government and the developer have laid out for themselves. As you might imagine, when it comes to eminent domain takings, the Empire State bats just about 1.000.

The lawmakers in New York seem to like this system. After the Supreme Court's *Kelo* decision in 2005, states rushed to reform their eminent domain laws; some even amended their state constitutions to protect property owners. All told, 43 states undertook some type of reform designed to combat eminent domain abuse. The only stab at reform undertaken in New York was the legislature's attempt to form a commission to study the issue—and even that failed.

None of which was lost on Nick Sprayregen when he decided to challenge Columbia and the ESDC. Sprayregen isn't a Bloombergian Master of the Universe, but he's done well for himself and has the resources to mount a full-fledged defense of his properties. Outraged by the system, he retained civil rights attorney Norman Siegel in late 2004 and decided that he would fight Columbia to the end, as a matter of principle. It's a commitment to spend somewhere in the neighborhood of $3 million on legal fees for a case Sprayregen fully expects to lose. "I'm

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pessimistic that we will be successful," he told the *New York Observer* in his typically understated way.

Sprayregen is pessimistic because he isn't just up against a legal system heavily weighted in favor of the developer. In his case, the system has actually been rigged.

In 2004, when the Manhattanville plan was in embryonic form, the state began laying out its case for blight. The New York Economic Development Corporation (EDC), a city entity working on a redevelopment plan for West Harlem, hired a consulting firm called Urbitran to conduct a blight study of the neighborhood. Urbitran did the work and prepared a draft of the results for the EDC that August. The EDC was unhappy with what Urbitran found, and the study was left in draft form.

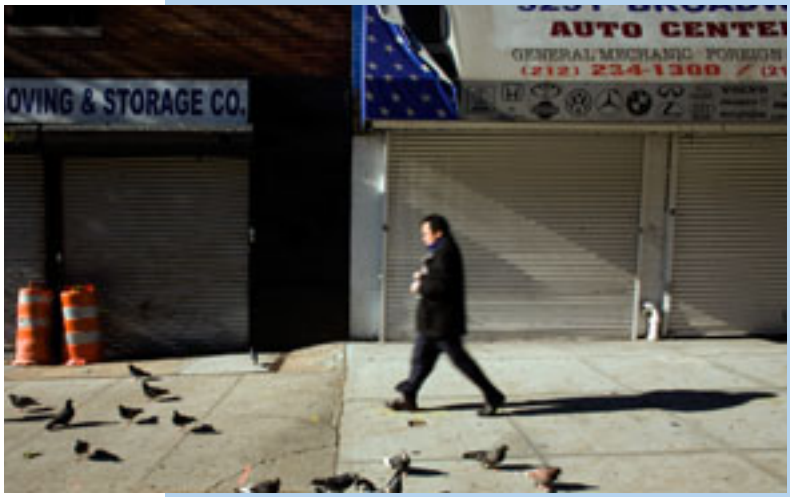
The redevelopment plan then shifted from the domain of the EDC over to the ESDC. According to the Manhattan Institute's Julia Vitullo-Martin, this was a logical move. "The ESDC offers substantial advantages to controversial projects," Vitullo-Martin explains. "First, it has a stripped-down, centrally controlled community review process in place of ULURP [New York City's byzantine development review process], and second, it can directly exercise eminent domain." The ESDC had the power to substantially move Columbia's plan forward.

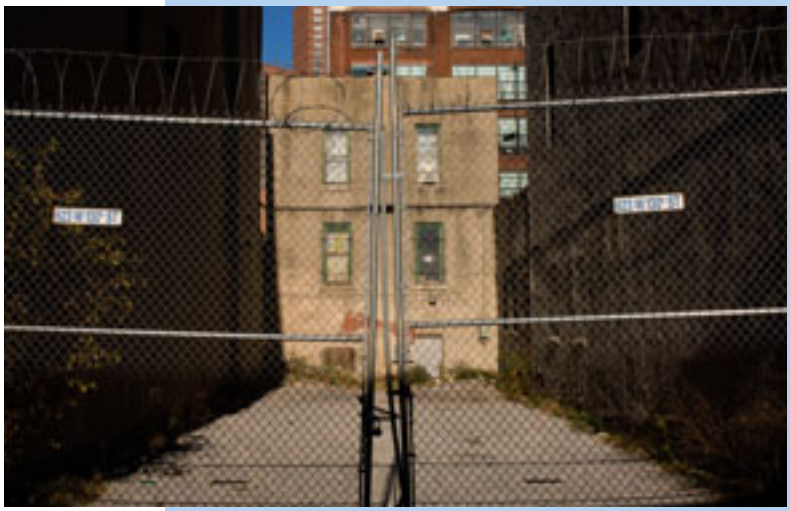
That December, an ESDC staffer said publicly that there had been problems with the Urbitran study, but declined to elaborate. The ESDC also refused to release copies of the study. Sprayregen eventually obtained a copy after filing a dozen FOIL requests. In the copy they released, however, the state had redacted all of Urbitran's conclusions. The Urbitran study included a larger area than the neighborhood Columbia wants. Still, within the bounds of the area Columbia had its eyes on, Urbitran noted properties that were deficient in upkeep, zoning, or occupancy—that were blighted. Nearly all of these buildings were owned by the university.

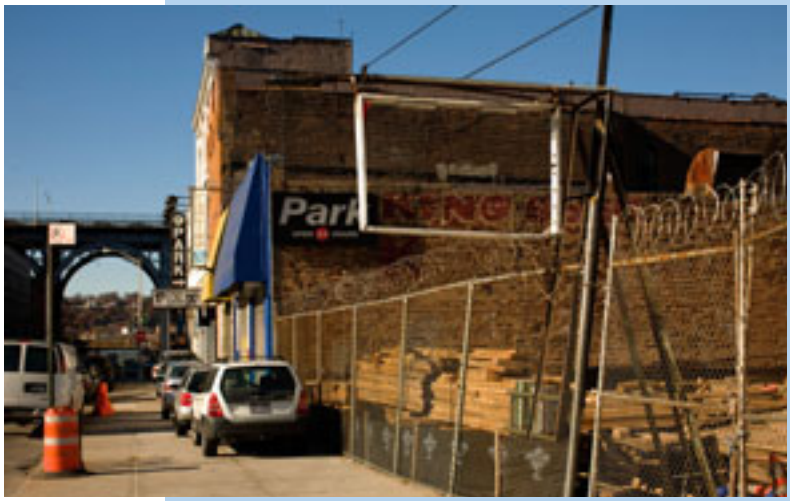
In March 2006, the ESDC decided to take another crack at finding blight in Manhattanville. This time, they approached Columbia's own consulting firm, AKRF, and asked them to perform the study. The state of New York

THE SOURCE OF BLIGHT

Studies of the area have found that nearly all of the properties that are deficient in upkeep belong to . . . Columbia University.







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A spiral of razor wire: the emblem of Columbia-owned property in Manhattanville

was charging a firm being paid significant amounts by Columbia University to make a determination of potentially great benefit to Columbia University. But, the ESDC was also more careful than the EDC had been. Before awarding the contract to perform the study, the ESDC asked AKRF to submit "preliminary" findings on blight in Manhattanville. This they did on August 23, 2006. The ESDC was pleased with what AKRF was suggesting it would find and, on September 11, 2006, signed a contract with AKRF to carry out the study.

As part of his fight to collect material from Columbia and the ESDC, Sprayregen went to court requesting documents pertaining to the ESDC's relationship with AKRF. In March 2007, Dennis Mincieli, an AKRF vice president, insisted in a court filing (arguing against one of Sprayregen's FOIL requests) that there was nothing improper in the relationship because a "Chinese wall" had been erected between the teams working for Columbia and the ESDC. This was a dubious claim—after all, the same company benefited, even if the staffs were segregated—but it turned out not even to be true. Fifteen months later, after another court forced the ESDC to disclose billing records pertaining to the blight study, AKRF admitted that many employees were working simultaneously for both Columbia and the ESDC.

The research for AKRF's blight study was performed between September 2006 and April 2007, with the final study scheduled for delivery on May 1, 2007. On April 13, Mincieli sent an email to Maria Cassidy, the ESDC's general counsel. He told Cassidy that AKRF was on schedule to deliver the study on May 1, but there was a potential hitch: AKRF was waiting for Columbia to review their work. "Pauline Meehan of Columbia University has been escorting TT [Thornton Tomasetti, an engineering consultant] and AKRF on the site inspections, and reviewing TT's site assessment reports," Mincieli wrote. He was concerned that the need to have Columbia review the blight study might cause delay in delivery. He wanted the ESDC to understand that if there were a delay, it would be Columbia's fault, and not AKRF's. Mincieli continued:

> Columbia University's review would not be completed until April 30th, at the earliest. Certainly the Neighborhood Conditions Study would be much stronger if we had the benefit of [Columbia's] input to confirm certain facts

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about the properties that only representatives of Columbia University might know. However, I would like to reiterate that AKRF is prepared to submit the Manhattanville Neighborhood Conditions Report to ESDC May 1st, based on our own review of the TT site assessments, and without Columbia University's input.

Once Columbia's Review is complete, it will take several days for TT to revise its reports based on Columbia's comments and for AKRF to review its Lot Profiles, followed by production of the document.

But Mincieli was certain that the ESDC would not want AKRF to move forward without Columbia's input. His email concluded,

> Based on our discussion earlier today, I assume that you want AKRF and TT to proceed with the preparation of the site assessments and lot profiles, but that we will wait until [Columbia] has had an opportunity to review of [sic] TT's reports, prior to completing our own work and producing the Neighborhood Conditions Study.

So to recap: The state of New York hired a firm that works for Columbia to carry out the blight study. The firm used personnel who were working for Columbia on the project, and Columbia reviewed this work as it progressed. You will perhaps not be surprised to learn that AKRF's report declared the Manhattanville neighborhood was blighted—the precise result Columbia desired.

The state of New York hired a firm that works for Columbia to carry out the blight study. The firm used personnel who were working for Columbia on the project, and Columbia reviewed this work as it progressed. You will perhaps not be surprised to learn that it reached the conclusion Columbia desired.

What's even more damning is that Columbia actually paid for the blight study. AKRF sent an invoice on May 31, 2007, for the "Manhattanville Neighborhood Conditions Study" in the amount of $182,490.66. The comments section of the invoice explains that the project was done under contract with the law firm of Carter Ledyard & Milburn—the firm which serves as outside counsel for the ESDC. (The ESDC subcontracted AKRF through their legal counsel, a strange bureaucratic and accounting move that served no obvious purpose except as an attempt to cloak their communications in privilege.) The invoice lists Columbia University, not the ESDC, as the funding source for the study.

As Sprayregen kept amassing incriminating documents through his FOIL requests, the ESDC became concerned that the AKRF study might be legally tainted. So in January of this year, they set aside the AKRF study and hired yet another contractor, Earthtech, to produce yet another blight study. Earthtech's mandate, though, was relatively narrow. The contractor, who had no experience in conducting blight studies, was instructed to "replicate"—the ESDC general counsel Maria Cassidy's word—the AKRF study, using the same terms, methodology, and criteria. Not surprisingly, Earthtech's study, completed quite quickly, also concluded that Manhattanville was blighted.

Having found documentation asserting blight, the ESDC declared the redevelopment zone legally blighted this past July. Since the city had generously rezoned the area for mixed use in December 2007, the ESDC was able to adopt Columbia's general project plan on July 17. The Public Record for the matter was set to close on October 10—but was briefly held open. In another of Sprayregen's court victories, both the ESDC and one of its partners, the city Department of Planning were ordered to release documents related to the case. They refused and appealed the decision. Another court granted Sprayregen a temporary restraining order preventing the Public Record from being closed until the appeal was resolved.

In its brief arguing against the temporary restraining order, the ESDC's lawyers claimed that a delay in closing the Public Record might cost human lives:

> By 2011, this country will have a virtual tsunami of Alzheimer's patients as baby boomers age. . . . Here, the first building to be constructed, the Jerome L. Greene Science Center, would be devoted to curing diseases, such as autism, dementia, Alzheimer's and schizophrenia. The money is already available for the construction of that Center. How does one place a price tag in human suffering on delaying a possible cure of any such diseases by 18 months, 12 months, or 6 months?

In the annals of eminent domain litigation, it's hard to find a more brazen contention. But it's all too typical of the endless legal maneuvering that Sprayregen has been forced to endure as he attempts to build a body of evidence to actually contest the forthcoming seizure of his property.

In the end, the ESDC prevailed. After granting Sprayregen the temporary restraining order holding the

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Public Record open, the judge decided that he did not have the authority to hold it open indefinitely. So on October 30, the Public Record on Columbia's Manhattanville redevelopment plan closed. Though their appeal had yet to be heard, on November 7, the city's Department of Planning delivered two boxes of the documents it had been withholding.

With the Public Record closed, the ESDC has up to 90 days to study all of the evidence therein and render a decision on whether or not to move forward with redevelopment and invoke eminent domain. There seems to be little doubt from any of the parties as to what conclusions the ESDC will reach after its period of careful and considered study. Assuming the government decides to push onward, Sprayregen will then have 30 days from their decision to put his case before the appellate division court. From there he will appeal to the New York State Court of Appeals and finally, if it will hear him, the U.S. Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has long been willing to classify nonblighted property as blighted if the surrounding area is in disrepair. But the Court has not been confronted with a case in which the neighborhood blight was directly caused by the party seeking the benefit of eminent domain.

Sprayregen has little chance against Columbia, but he has as much as anyone could have. He and Siegel have already entered three major briefs into the Public Record supported by nearly 8,000 pages of documents.

With the evidence he unearthed, Sprayregen seems to have mounted at least a reasonable case that the ESDC was engaged in "impermissible favoritism" toward Columbia, which the Supreme Court views as potentially fatal to eminent domain takings. The "impermissible favoritism" designation, however, is usually rendered by a trial court. With no trial court available to Sprayregen, it seems just as likely that an appeals court will simply follow Justice Anthony Kennedy's *Kelo* concurrence positing that when favoritism is alleged, courts should cleave to a "presumption that the government's actions were reasonable and intended to serve a public purpose."

Thus Sprayregen's best hopes lie with two other arguments. First, he can argue that Columbia's plan violates a key provision of the *Kelo* decision (and Kennedy's concurrence). In *Kelo*, the Supreme Court found in favor of the City of New London's use of eminent domain in part because the Court deemed the redevelopment plan "comprehensive" and the product of "thorough deliberation." Columbia's redevelopment plan is, by their own admission, not comprehensive because "it is impossible to know today all the new areas of learning and discovery that might arise decades into the future" when the redevelopment is completed. All Columbia knows for certain at this point is that it wants the land; someone will figure out exactly what to do with it later. Which could be problematic if the Court decides to try to clarify what Kennedy meant with his comprehensive and deliberate gloss.

Sprayregen might also find comfort in the question of how Manhattanville's blight was created. The Supreme Court has long been willing to classify nonblighted property as blighted if the surrounding area is in disrepair. This was the heart of the 1954 case *Berman* v. *Parker*, where the Supreme Court declared that a well-kept and functioning department store in Washington, D.C., could be declared blighted and taken via eminent domain because a substantial part of the surrounding area was in poor condition. But the Court has not been confronted with a case in which the neighborhood blight was directly caused by the party seeking the benefit of eminent domain.

And, in its attempt to demonstrate blight, the AKRF study unwittingly notes that Columbia is responsible for nearly all of the decrepitude in the Manhattanville neighborhood. For instance, of the 67 lots in the proposed redevelopment zone, AKRF pointed out that 2 show hazardous conditions. Both are owned by Columbia. AKRF also reported that 4 of the lots are being used contrary to their certificates of purpose. Columbia owns 3 of these offenders. And then there's the eyeball test: Walking around Manhattanville with a guide to ownership of the parcels, it is immediately clear which buildings belong to Columbia: They're the ones that are vacant and shuttered. From all appearances, the university wants it that way.

As Norman Siegel notes in one of his briefs, "Of the properties in the study area that show evidence of being inadequately maintained, only one is not owned by, or under contract for sale to Columbia, and it is owned by the City and used by the Department of Transportation. The remedy for making Columbia take care of its property should not be to take the property of others and give it to Columbia." ♦

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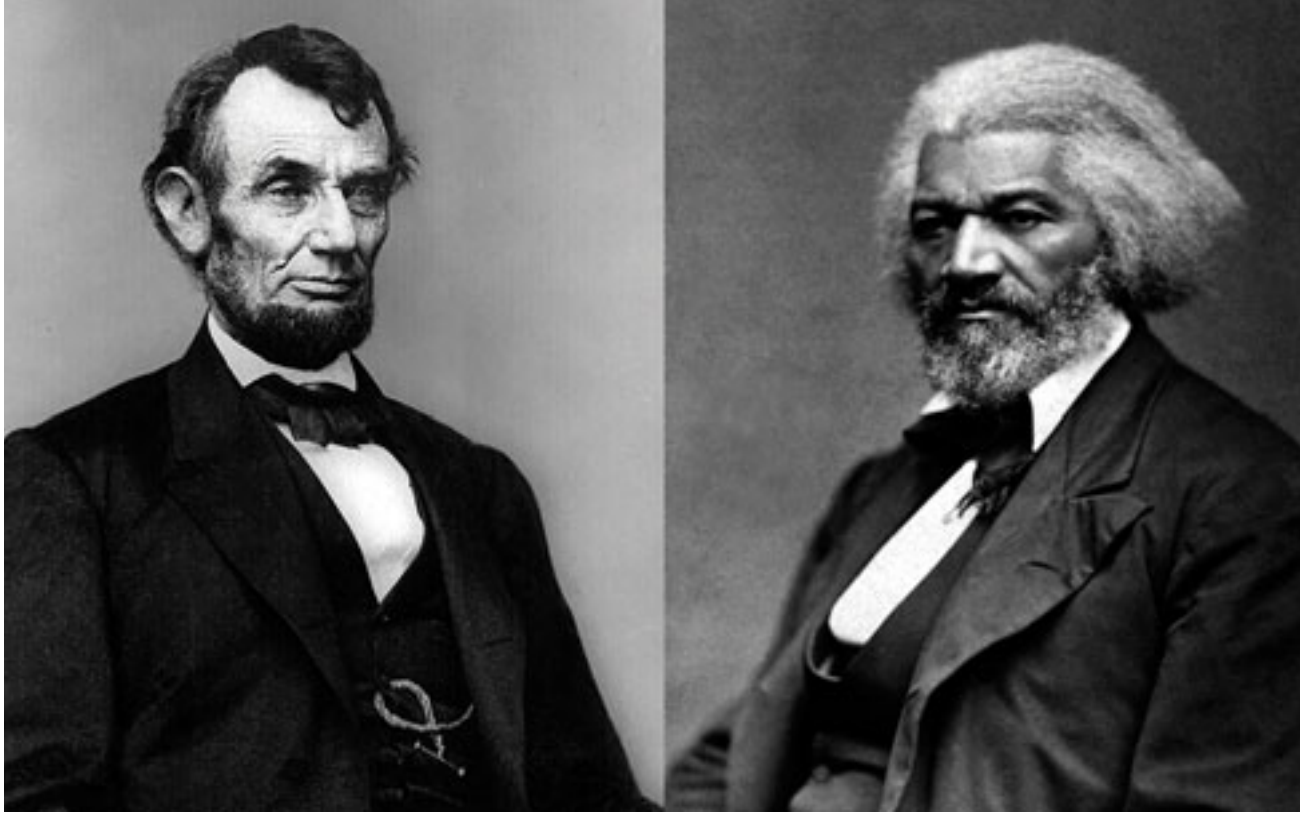

Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass

LINCOLN, ANTHONY BERGER ; DOUGLASS, GEORGE K. WARREN

Friendly Persuasion

The Lincoln-Douglass debates BY CLAUDIA ANDERSON

A leading 800-page American history textbook of a generation back—*The National Experience*, published in 1963 and written by the star-studded lineup of John Morton Blum, Bruce Catton, Edmund S. Morgan, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Kenneth Stampp, and C. Vann Woodward—devotes precisely half a sentence to Frederick Douglass. The recent crop of books pairing Douglass with no less a figure than Abraham Lincoln, then, is notable beyond their individual merit: It is the latest fruit of the continuing rediscovery of a life too long overlooked.

All three of these books cover the essentials of the relationship between Douglass and Lincoln, a story every American should know. The heart of each is a detailed account of their three meetings at the White House, in August 1863 at Douglass's request, in August 1864 at Lincoln's request, and on Inauguration Day 1865; the prelude to those meetings in Douglass's fierce criticism of Lincoln in his newspaper and speeches, as well as the 15 mentions of Douglass by Senator Stephen A. Douglas during his famous debates with Lincoln in 1858; and the meetings' aftermath, confirming the profound mutual regard that developed between the two men—Douglass's extemporaneous eulogy the day of Lincoln's death, Mary Lincoln's gift to Douglass (in keeping with her late husband's wishes) of his favorite walking stick, and especially Douglass's great speech at the dedication of the Freedmen's Monument in Lincoln Park, 11 blocks from the Capitol, on the eleventh anniversary of the president's assassination, before an audience consisting of President Grant, his cabinet, the Supreme Court, many members of Congress, and some 25,000 Washingtonians, mostly black.

The Radical and the Republican
Frederick Douglass, Abraham Lincoln, and the Triumph of Antislavery Politics
by James Oakes
Norton, 352 pp., $16.95

Douglass and Lincoln
How a Revolutionary Black Leader and a Reluctant Liberator Struggled to End Slavery and Save the Union
by Paul Kendrick and Stephen Kendrick
Walker, 320 pp., $17

Giants
The Parallel Lives of Frederick Douglass and Abraham Lincoln
by John Stauffer
Twelve, 448 pp., $30

Beyond that shared storyline, each book has its own distinctive emphasis and strengths. James Oakes's *The Radical and the Republican* is the most disciplined. Unlike the other two, it makes no attempt to be a joint biography, though Oakes is fully alive to the intrinsic fascination of these two personalities.

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Instead, it concentrates on the political meaning of the tension between them and their ultimate convergence "at the most dramatic moment in American history." What interests Oakes is ideas and institutions: how the moral fire of the reformer and the legal scruples and necessary pragmatism of the elected leader interacted under the American system to end slavery and preserve the Union.

Both men always regarded slavery as evil. Yet in Douglass's eyes, the president unaccountably dragged his feet. Whether the issue of the hour was declaring the war an "abolition war," or using the war powers of the presidency to emancipate slaves who escaped to Union lines, or allowing black men to enlist in the Union army, or giving black soldiers equal pay with whites and protection from execution or reenslavement if captured, or promising freedmen citizenship, or promising black citizens the vote on the same terms as whites—Douglass was at Lincoln's heels every step of the way, constantly pressing the president toward the goal that, by then, had been clear to Douglass for a decade, namely, colorblind government under the Constitution.

A professional historian at the City University of New York, Oakes has produced a polished work. The father and son team of Paul Kendrick and Stephen Kendrick, authors of *Douglass and Lincoln*, are serious amateurs: The former is the assistant director of a nonprofit working with children in Harlem, the latter a Unitarian Universalist minister. Their book reflects extensive familiarity with both manuscript collections and secondary sources. Abundantly illustrated, it tells its story in straightforward chronological order and with a good eye for matters of human interest. It is the obvious choice for the general reader.

John Stauffer's book is the quirkiest of the three, though it has the best title, *Giants*. Stauffer is chairman of the History of American Civilization Department and professor of English at Harvard, and a whiff of academic trendiness emanates from his pages. He begins with an epigraph from Barack Obama. He obsesses over Lincoln's sexuality, specifying three times in the space of seven pages that the young Abraham and his roommate Joshua Speed, "the love of his life," shared a bed *for four years*. He sometimes seems bent on catching Lincoln in contradictions and lapses, as when he overinterprets the absence of any record of Lincoln's mentioning former president and antislavery crusader John Quincy Adams, with whom he overlapped for a year in the House of Representatives, as meaning "Lincoln pretended that [Adams] didn't exist."

Yet Stauffer redeems himself with some valuable insights. His chapter "Privileged Slave and Poor White Trash" drives home a startling contrast between Lincoln's and Douglass's early years. If you'd taken a snapshot of each at the age of 22, it's the runaway slave who would have stood out as much the more worldly-wise. Douglass, by then, had lived in small country towns, on plantations both wealthy and modest, and in the bustling shipbuilding ports of Baltimore and New Bedford; he had ridden on trains and even visited the metropolis of New York City (population 300,000). Lincoln was still a backwoodsman. He'd briefly visited New Orleans (population 46,000) but he wouldn't set foot in New York for another 30 years.

We've come a long way from 1963, when an attentive reader of 'The National Experience' could have learned of Frederick Douglass that even he, 'once the militant leader of the Negroes, accepted office under [Rutherford B.] Hayes's administration.' It turns out there is quite a lot more worth knowing about this remarkable man.

And Stauffer's intelligent discussion of Ottilie Assing, the German intellectual and journalist with whom Douglass had a close relationship for over two decades, deserves special mention. Assing was one of several educated women with whom Douglass maintained long friendships. She was an acute observer of the American scene, and she was clearly in love with Douglass. Their acquaintance began when she sought him out at his home in Rochester to propose translating his second autobiography into German. Her introduction to the translation rhapsodizes over the great man's physique, his genius, his powers of persuasion. In the ensuing years, she stayed with the Douglasses for part of many summers, and Frederick frequently stopped at the boarding house where she lived in Hoboken.

Did they have an affair? It is certainly possible, and it would be naïve to assume that they didn't. But writers have handled the absence of proof differently. Drawing on the work of Maria Diedrich (*Love Across Color Lines: Ottilie Assing and Frederick Douglass*, 1999) and Christoph Lohmann (editor of *Radical Passion: Ottilie Assing's Reports from America and Letters to Frederick Douglass*, 2000), Stauffer places the relationship in the context of Assing's pattern of modeling her life, at least in her imagination, on romantic fiction. One of her favorite novels was *Aphra Behn* (published in 1849, seven years before she met Douglass), in which "the heroine Aphra becomes the lover of a sublime black revolutionary" who is married.

Stauffer is scrupulous to note that "the only surviving sources suggesting sexual intimacy" between Assing and Douglass are letters the somewhat unbalanced Ottilie (she made her first, melodramatic attempt at suicide at 24) wrote to her detested sister Ludmilla after the latter married a German aristocrat. Ottilie's "descriptions of a love deeper than marriage," Stauffer writes, "could thus reflect wishful boasting."

This correspondence the Kendricks take at face value: "[Ottilie's] letters to her sister describe an idyllic scene of two lovers feeding peaches and cherries to each other, while enjoying the lush,

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picturesque region around Rochester." The Kendricks assert that Assing "most certainly claimed [Douglass's] bed," implying that he conducted this illicit romance in the very bosom of his family. They speculate that Douglass had several reasons for not seeking a divorce. Even though his wife, Anna, was illiterate and could never be an intellectual companion, he was genuinely devoted to her and their five children. Divorce would have damaged his standing as the most prominent black leader of the day. And Douglass, who had always excoriated the violation of the family under slavery, saw the building and protection of his own family as central to his existence as a free man.

In addition to these, Stauffer addresses two other significant barriers between Assing and Douglass that elude the Kendricks. One is Assing's elitism. The product of advanced artistic circles in Hamburg, she was openly contemptuous not only of the homebound Anna who stood in her way but of the poor and unschooled generally. She found it irksome that Douglass was patient and generous with needy relatives. Another was her atheism. Whereas Douglass was fervently grounded in the Bible, she disparaged religion as a disease. She herself wrote that "there was one obstacle to a loving and lasting friendship [with Douglass]—namely, the personal Christian God."

By the time Douglass's 44-year marriage ended with Anna's death, Assing had moved back to Europe. Still, when she received word of his remarriage—and to a white woman—she took her own life. Self-dramatizing to the end, she went to the Bois de Boulogne and swallowed poison.

We've come a long way from 1963, when an attentive reader of *The National Experience* could have learned of Frederick Douglass that even he, "once the militant leader of the Negroes, accepted office under [Rutherford B.] Hayes's administration." It turns out there is quite a lot more worth knowing about this remarkable man. If our scholars and popular historians are having a field day with Douglass and Lincoln—and Ottilie Assing into the bargain—it's only because this work of recovery is long overdue. ♦

America's Teams

From the Bay Area to the Big D, football is serious business. **BY MAX BOOT**

Both the San Francisco 49ers and the Dallas Cowboys, two of the NFL's most storied franchises, started this season with high hopes of returning to their bygone glory. The 49ers expected to win their division or at least snare a wild-card playoff spot. The Cowboys were considered odds-on favorites to win the whole shebang.

It didn't quite work out that way. Midway through the season, both teams were at the bottom of their divisions, with the 49ers already having jettisoned their head coach, Mike Nolan. The 'Boys still have a chance to salvage this campaign, but odds are that fans of both clubs will be left to mutter: *Wait 'til next year*.

The Genius
How Bill Walsh Reinvented Football and Created an NFL Dynasty
by David Harris
Random House, 385 pp., $26

Boys Will Be Boys
The Glory Days and Party Nights of the Dallas Cowboys Dynasty
by Jeff Pearlman
HarperCollins, 416 pp., $25.95

They can take heart from two books that reveal how these teams escaped previous periods of oblivion to emerge as dominant forces in footballdom.

The 49ers had won 10 or more games only twice between 1946 and 1980. They would go on to win at least that number every season for the next 17 years (not counting strike-shortened 1982). Along the way they would prevail in five Super Bowls and establish themselves as the "Team of the '80s." This amazing turnaround can be attributed largely to two men: Edward J. DeBartolo Jr., who bought the team in 1977, and William Ernest Walsh, the coach he hired in 1979. In *The Genius*, David Harris focuses on Walsh, but he includes a memorable portrait of DeBartolo as well.

When DeBartolo took over, he was a 30-year-old party animal who had never worked for anyone other than his father, a self-made shopping center magnate from Youngstown, Ohio. After floundering at first, he became desperate enough to take a chance on the silver-haired Stanford coach, Bill Walsh, who had a suspect reputation in NFL circles. Walsh had been the offensive mastermind behind the Cincinnati Bengals in the early 1970s, but when head coach and owner Paul Brown retired, he passed over Walsh as his successor, leading many to conclude there was something wrong with him. He was, the scuttlebutt had it, "too cerebral and too far outside the box."

What the critics overlooked was Walsh's genius for drawing up innovative offensive plays and for finding the right players to execute them. His scheme, which emphasized short passes to control the ball, became known as the West Coast offense, and it remains a mainstay of the league to this day. But plays drawn up on paper can fail on the gridiron if a team lacks talent, as it did when Walsh first took over. He rectified that with a series of brilliant drafts, starting in 1979 when, in the third round, he picked a skinny quarterback from Notre Dame who was considered a big risk at the professional level.

Joe Montana turned into arguably

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the best passer of all time, but that would never have happened if Walsh hadn't also snagged two overlooked wide-outs to play catch with him: first Dwight Clark, who had caught only 12 balls in his senior year at Clemson, and then Jerry Rice, a product of ultra-obscure Mississippi Valley State. Although known primarily for offensive acumen, Walsh was no mean judge of talent on the other side of the ball, stocking his team with defensive all-stars such as safety Ronnie Lott and pass rusher Fred Dean.

Walsh's first season was awful: 2-14. His second wasn't much better: 6-10. It was in his third season (1981) that the 49ers established themselves. Their breakthrough came in the NFC Championship Game. Trailing the Dallas Cowboys, 27-21, with less than five minutes left, Montana orchestrated a legendary drive that culminated in what became known simply as "The Pass"—a desperation heave caught by a streaking Dwight Clark at the back of the end zone.

Bill Walsh, Joe Montana, Eddie DeBartolo, 1985

AP PHOTO

Judging from the 49ers' subsequent record of success, it might seem that things were easy from then on. They were not. As Harris tells it, Walsh was a tortured genius who had difficult, verging on dysfunctional, dealings with those closest to him, personally and professionally.

Like many other coaches, Walsh was so dedicated to his career that he hardly spent any time at home. His relationship with his children was described as "almost complete alienation." His relationship with his wife Geri wasn't much better. At one point in the 1980s he left her and moved in with a former *Playboy* playmate 20 years his junior. He finally returned home only when he found out his eldest son was dying of AIDS.

He had an equally tumultuous relationship with his boss, Eddie DeBartolo, who, one of Walsh's friends said, "treated him like dirt in certain cases," and who contemplated firing his coach after almost every season that did not result in a championship. Walsh even had a difficult time with his top players. Joe Montana, a teammate recalls, would routinely deride his coach: "He called him a 'dumb, stupid m—f—r,' which was his catch-all phrase for anybody he didn't like."

Ultimately, what led to Walsh's retirement was not his inability to get along with others but his inability to live with himself after every loss. An emotional wreck, he finally called it quits after his 1988 Super Bowl victory. His hand-picked successor, George Seifert, would continue the team's winning ways, snagging two more championships (1989, 1994) thanks to DeBartolo's free-spending ways. But as the 1990s went along, the team lost ground to its old rivals, the Dallas Cowboys, who had recovered from their nadir of the late 1980s.

Just as in San Francisco, the resurgence in Dallas was led by a new owner—Jerry Jones—and a new coach—Jimmy Johnson, who took over in 1989 from Tom Landry, the only coach the team had ever known. Jones and Johnson had been teammates years before on the University of Arkansas football team. Since then, the two had gone their separate ways, Jones earning a fortune in the oil business and Johnson coaching the Miami Hurricanes to a national title in 1987. Reunited in Dallas, they proceeded to stockpile top-tier talent including quarterback Troy Aikman, running back Emmitt Smith, and receiver Michael Irvin.

Nobody ever described Johnson as a "genius" in the manner of Bill Walsh, but he was just as driven to succeed. And like Walsh, he paid the price, divorcing his wife and neglecting his kids. His dedication paid dividends in Dallas once he made the adjustment to the professional game. The Cowboys went from 1-15 in 1989 to 13-3 in 1992. That year they won the Super Bowl, a feat they would repeat in 1993 and again in 1995. By the third championship Johnson was no longer at the helm. He was fired in 1994 by Jones for no better reason than that the owner was jealous of all the accolades heaped on his employee. Jones wanted to show he could win without Johnson, and to make his point he hired another former Oklahoma coach Barry Switzer to lead "America's Team." The easygoing Switzer would win one more championship, but he would also lose control of the squad and hasten its downfall.

Reading *Boys Will Be Boys* makes you wonder how the Cowboys managed to win as many games as they did. The tales of their carousing suggest

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that the later Roman emperors were puritanical by comparison. Jeff Pearlman writes that the players routinely would "hit the town in a pack—twenty, twenty-five Cowboys sitting at a table in the hottest gentleman's clubs, slinging $100 bills and screwing dancers and ducking into back rooms for pulls on bongs and snorts of cocaine." They even rented a house near their practice facility where they could indulge in sex and drugs away from the preying eyes of wives and reporters.

The ringleader in many of these debaucheries was Michael Irvin, who showed a preternatural ability to score "blow" at night and still blow by cornerbacks the next day. But after Johnson's departure, discipline collapsed, and Irvin got out of control. In 1996 he was arrested in a Dallas hotel room along with a former teammate and "two strippers, 10.3 grams of cocaine, more than an ounce of marijuana, and assorted drug paraphernalia and sex toys." In 1998 he grabbed a pair of scissors and stabbed a teammate in the neck, nearly killing him, when he wouldn't vacate a barber chair. That incident, as much as any other, symbolized the end of Dallas's run as the "Team of the '90s."

The Cowboys appeared to be on the brink of a comeback last year before they were eliminated from the playoffs by the New York Giants. This year has turned into a nightmare with a return to the indiscipline and infighting of the late '90s. For their part, the 49ers have never been the same since DeBartolo, in legal difficulties, had to cede control of the team in 1997 to his sister and her husband. Those two have presided over one disastrous decision after another, from firing coach Steve Mariucci in 2003 to selecting quarterback Alex Smith as the first pick of the 2005 draft.

Both Dallas and San Francisco cry out for a savior in the mold of Bill Walsh or Jimmy Johnson. Too bad Walsh is in the ground while Johnson is in a television studio, and fans of both teams will have to satisfy themselves with these tales of the glory of yesterseason. ♦

Does She, or . . . ?

Once, only their hairdressers knew for sure. Now . . .

BY PIA CATTON

One of life's great conundrums has been solved. And it has been accomplished in a book that poses this profound mystery in its title: *Do Gentlemen Really Prefer Blondes?* And the answer, according to its traitorous author, is yes. Men, somewhat like toddlers, are drawn to color: "The human eye is attracted to light, bright colors, so blondes stand out more than brunettes and even redheads," the dark-haired Jena Pincott writes.

Do Gentlemen Really Prefer Blondes?
Bodies, Behavior, and Brains—The Science Behind Sex, Love & Attraction
by Jena Pincott
Random House, 351 pp., $20

But she can be forgiven. In this informative and amusing book, she poses nearly 100 questions about sex, love, and attraction. The short answers are judiciously packed with information culled from hundreds of peer-reviewed studies. All of it is relayed in a light, engaging tone, and even the author advises browsing: "Flip through and let your interests guide you."

Some of the questions-and-answers are guessable, such as, "Why do men have more casual sex?" Men have an incentive to spread their genes, whereas women have an incentive to be selective: possible pregnancy. Likewise, it doesn't take a degree in biology to figure out "Why is long hair sexy?" Because it is a sign of youth, health, and fertility.

But other questions open up the doors to some fascinating research. "How long does it take to decide if a person is hot?" Answer: milliseconds! This, according to a study by two neuroscientists who "exposed men and women to a series of pre-rated faces, some gorgeous and others homely, and asked them to rate their appearance. The twist was that the faces flickered on the screen for only thirteen milliseconds—a flash so fast that the exasperated viewers swore they didn't see anything." But even though they complained of not seeing the images, the judges scored accurately, giving "good-looking faces significantly higher scores than unattractive ones."

The brain just knows who's hot and who's not. Or at least certain parts of the brain—the nucleus accumbens, orbitofrontal cortex, and the amygdala—know. Naturally, those areas can be overridden if you're in a bar and a guy lays down a line like: "Hey there, I may not be Fred Flintstone, but I bet I can make your bed rock." This and other crash-and-burn duds ("You remind me of a parking ticket because you've got fine written all over you") are addressed in the book's funniest section: "What's the hidden agenda in men's pick up lines?"

In two studies, British psychologists "asked several hundred men and women to consider the variety of opening gambits that men use when picking up women, how successful they are in general, what type of guy tries each line, and what type of woman falls for him." Lines that suggested wit, character, and culture were effective, as was humor—though not on introverted women. Flattery (like the parking ticket line) only loosened up the neurotic gals. Fred Flintstone pretty much bombed.

Pia Catton is a writer in New York.

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The hidden agenda here is that guys look for a quick way to decide where to focus their energy: "The more controversial or sexual or humorous the come-on, the better it is as a filter. Consciously or not, a man uses these lines as a way to reject (or not waste time on) women who aren't looking for someone like him."

Of course, there are much better ways to break the ice. The strongest signal you can use to get someone's attention is a smile and a direct gaze—but it has to be both. Even more important than what you see, however, is what you smell.

Ever sniff your lover's clothes? Scientists have. In several studies, men have been asked to wear a T-shirt for consecutive days (and to refrain from garlic, cumin, sex, alcohol, or smoking—so that the smell of sweat is natural). Then in the studies, women sniff and judge. As it turns out, opposites attract. "Women prefer the body odors of guys who have major histocompatibility complex (MHC) gene variants that are mostly different from their own. The MHC is a cluster of immune system genes responsible for detecting and identifying bacteria and viruses that invade the body."

By mating with someone who has a different set of defenses, you increase your chances of survival. And you can pass on to your children a wider immune system. These bodily scents are totally different from perfumes or even the smell of food, which can be enticing but are more culturally based.

The facts and studies go on and on at a quick pace, perfect for bathroom reading. Some points may seem absurdly reductive, but for good reason: "Much of what we desire is rooted in deep evolutionary biases. . . . It all boils down to the basic biological truth that in one year's time, a woman could sleep with a googol of men but only have one full-term pregnancy, whereas a man could sleep with a googol of women and have a googol of babies."

Love may be complicated, but humans are not. ♦

Over There

A historian hears the echoes of the Great War, and beyond. **BY ANDREW NAGORSKI**

Only death is inevitable. Short of that nothing is inevitable until it happens, and everything is inevitable once it has happened. The historian deals with past events and therefore to him all history is inevitable. But these past events were once in the future and then they were not inevitable.

—A.J.P. Taylor

In *The Summer the Archduke Died*, Louis D. Rubin Jr. infuses his elegant, absorbing collection of review essays with Taylor's credo. He explains not only the vagaries of history, particularly how we look back at wars and their origins, but also the role of those who led their nations in those decisive moments and how their choices determined the anything-but-predetermined outcomes. A literary critic who spent his career teaching English at the University of North Carolina, Rubin doesn't explicitly answer the question: "Does the man make history, or history make the man?" But there's no doubt that he's in the "man makes history" school.

The Summer the Archduke Died
On Wars and Warriors
by Louis D. Rubin Jr.
Missouri, 184 pp., $24.95

Rubin was always fascinated by epic conflicts. Born in 1923 into a Reform Jewish family that had arrived in Charleston in the mid-19th century, he recalls witnessing the last Confederate reunion in Richmond in 1932. Looking back at that event, "I could feel the hair standing up on the back of my neck—seventy-five years ago as I write this." His father was a sergeant in the Marine Corps in World War I, and the "Great War" exerted a similar claim on his imagination.

In the course of his writings, he reflects on his childhood emotions and develops his adult conclusions. As for how those conclusions may apply to the world today, he leaves it to the reader to take that next step, providing plenty of ideas to ponder.

Nowhere is Rubin more convincing than in his exposition on the origins of World War I. In contrast to World War II, where the stakes were clear and Hitler left others no choice but to submit or resist, "the Great War need not and ought not to have been fought," he argues. The primary culprit, in his eyes, was Kaiser Wilhelm II, whose chauvinistic policies and massive miscalculations amounted to "a catastrophic failure of statecraft." The interlocking system of alliances, ostensibly designed to protect each country, triggered the well-known escalation of local conflicts into a European-wide war. As a result, 10 million men died for no apparent gain.

While explaining the mechanisms that made war appear inevitable, he keeps returning to the theme of the responsibility of those who set up the alliances, dictated the timetables, and triggered the clashes. Times were different then, he points out, with almost no avenues open for negotiations. "No United Nations, no councils or forums were available for extending and broadening discussions and circulating proposals and responses," he writes. Just as he implicitly approves of those kinds of institutions today, his warnings about the dangers of alliances with automatic triggers are clearly meant to

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convey a contemporary message, arguing for more flexible defense arrangements among allies.

All of which gets back to his thesis about the central role of leadership. Hence his fascination with two men he considers giants of the last century: Theodore Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Among the striking parallels: "Both were renowned for their furious activity, and apparently both were manic depressives. Both were aristocrats." While he is by no means blind to TR's "touch of megalomania," or his more erratic behavior, he admires his outsized personality.

So, too, with Churchill who "was no stranger to ambition or to egocentricity." True enough, but Rubin keeps the British leader's singular accomplishment in clear focus: recognizing the evil of Nazi Germany early, and then leading his nation in its fight for survival, saving the Western world.

Little wonder that Rubin has no patience for the revisionists of the New Left in the 1960s or a later generation of "young Englishmen of right-wing persuasion" who praise Hitler's appeasers and condemn Churchill, blaming him for allegedly dragging Britain into a war it should have avoided. He icily points out, for example, that John Charmley's 300,000-word biography of Churchill never mentions "Dachau, Auschwitz, Treblinka, etc." The real source of such revisionism, he argues, is frustration with Britain's loss of empire and influence after World War II, allowing the United States to emerge as the new dominant force in the world. In essence, he concludes, the revisionists' arguments amount to "a fond wish that the twentieth century hadn't happened."

He is equally scathing about the snobbery of British military historians who dismiss the popular books of Martin Gilbert, with their focus on the human suffering in war as much as on grand strategy. One reason, he suggests, for their condescension: "Gilbert is a third-generation English Jew of Polish descent." Rubin is intrigued by the behavior patterns of the British Establishment in all its bizarre manifestations. He writes about the infamous Mitford sisters, who included "one Nazi, one Fascist, one Communist, and one novelist." Unity hobnobbed with Hitler and gushed about his culture and charm. As Rubin notes, this "supposedly justified the Kristallnacht and similar social events." But he explains that her rebellion was more a personal than an ideological one, which fits in perfectly with his notion that people's motives can't be reduced to impersonal political forces.

This also means that the way we look at history is as much a reflection of our current mood and anxieties as it is of what really happened. But if a more distant perspective can distort our view, sometimes the passage of time is precisely what's needed to bring it into clearer focus, stripping away the myths of those too close to the actual events. Certainly that was the case with the Civil War. It wasn't till the civil rights era and the "momentous change in historical attitudes," Rubin points out, that Shelby Foote's three volume *The Civil War: A Narrative* appeared, something he characterizes as "a genuinely objective work of history."

Kaiser Wilhelm in retirement

Rubin is equally fascinated by the natural cycles that produce histories of wars, or the disruptions that lead to some wars' receiving disproportionate coverage at the expense of others. His own preoccupations make him acutely conscious of the fact that probably five times as many books have been published about World War II as about World War I. That has less to do with the fact that the latter conflict produced approximately five times as many deaths than with other reasons. Normally, after a first outpouring of books, it takes time for the former warriors to retire and reflect before they produce their memoirs and studies. But by that time, the world had plunged into a new conflagration, which only underscored the fact that the Great War had settled nothing.

"It was deficient in dramatic resolution," he writes.

But Rubin and others have contributed to a revival of interest in this epic conflict that received short shrift. For him, history never quite recedes—or, if it does, only for awhile. This is quite a different view of memory than the one presented by Milan Kundera. In *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* the Czech emigré bemoaned the cascade of news events, with each cancelling out the memory of the previous one—everything from the massacres in Bangladesh to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the assassination of Salvador Allende and the Cambodian bloodbath, "and so on and so forth until ultimately everyone lets everything be forgotten."

Not Rubin. Truly a gentleman and scholar of the old school in the best sense of that term, he assiduously studies the record of wars and warriors, and the writings of those who shape our vision of those events. He's impatient with conspiracy theories that fly in the face of common sense and common decency, and always recognizes that history is the product of many moveable parts and of the best and worst in human behavior. He expounds, but doesn't pontificate.

Yes, like a schoolmaster of old, he had this reader reaching for his dictionary on a couple of occasions (if you can't immediately define "perihelion," don't scoff). But he's neither pretentious nor pedantic—and besides, figuring out the meaning of a word is good exercise for the mind. So, too, is accompanying Rubin on his exploration of the meaning of history, its bloodiest conflicts, and why memory matters. ♦

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Pigs Without Blankets

'And yes, you can do a whole hog at home.'

BY TERRY EASTLAND

During college, I worked two summers in the Piedmont of North Carolina, in Asheboro and nearby towns. I also worked up in Stokes County, north of Winston Salem. It was during those summers that I first became acquainted with the state's barbecue. It was different from that of my home state, Texas, but I found it to be outstanding.

I renewed my interest in this particular food a few years later when I took my first newspaper job, in the relative metropolis of Greensboro. Often a bunch of us, having sent the day's edition to the printer, would gather to go to lunch, and someone would suggest getting some 'cue—meaning, of course, barbecue—and off we'd go, to this place or that. Stamey's, still one of the best in the Old North State, was a frequent choice.

I ate a lot of 'cue back then, and have ordered lots of it during visits to the state since, mostly from Short Sugar's in Reidsville, my wife's hometown, where they still have curbside service. Unfortunately for my evidently abiding hunger for 'cue, I've worked for a quarter-century in the nation's capital, which fancies itself the world's most important city but where there is, to its deepening discredit, no real Tar Heel barbecue.

Holy Smoke
The Big Book of North Carolina Barbecue
by John Shelton Reed, Dale Volberg Reed, and William McKinney
UNC, 328 pp., $30

For those yet to take a bite, North Carolina barbecue is not just any kind of barbecue that happens to be served in North Carolina. It is a distinctive food—indeed, one of the country's greatest regional dishes. It is made from one and only one kind of meat, which is pork. And the way it is made is critical.

As explained in *Holy Smoke*, a comprehensive and entertaining exploration of the Tar Heel barbecue tradition, the whole hog or a shoulder (or a Boston Butt, to get really particular about it) is cooked for a very long time (usually overnight) at a low temperature (about the same as for boiling water). The heat and smoke come from a fire of hardwoods and coals. The pork is "sometimes basted and always served with a thin sauce" that is "at most only a slight variation on a traditional recipe including vinegar, red pepper, and maybe (or maybe not) tomato."

It depends on where you are in the state whether tomato is likely to be in that sauce or not. In eastern North Carolina, where Tar Heel barbecue originated, it is likely, and in the Piedmont (where I lived), it's not. There are strong opinions among 'cue lovers as to which sauce is better. *Holy Smoke* doesn't take sides but observes that pit masters throughout the state agree "that it's how you cook it, not what you put on it, that makes good barbecue."

The pit masters are right. They know that you have to position the meat above the pit or in the cooker in such a way that during those long hours of cooking it is constantly dripping fat upon the coals. An ugly sight for some, this drippety-drip-drip, but "grease hitting those coals," says one of the masters interviewed here (Wilber Shirley of Wilber's in Goldsboro, in eastern North Carolina), "makes the smoked flavor that you won't get any other way. You can't spray it on there, paint it on there, put it on there—that's the natural way to cook it to get the smoke taste." And that taste, he adds, is "what people in this area grew up accustomed to."

You can see why this book is titled *Holy Smoke*, since what makes for good barbecue is the smoke and thus the taste that comes from right cooking.

Holy Smoke is subtitled *The Big Book of North Carolina Barbecue*, and that is not false advertising. It is a big book, well illustrated, and with a handsome jacket the color of pork that features a smiling pig, the book's hero. *Holy Smoke* is full of everything you might want to know about Tar Heel 'cue, and probably more.

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Terry Eastland is the publisher of THE WEEKLY STANDARD. *His most recent book is* Freedom of Expression in the Supreme Court: The Defining Cases.

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The authors offer a "prehistory" of North Carolina barbecue that includes Homer on butchering and locates the first English uses of the word in the 17th century. Meats in addition to pork were barbecued in this prehistory, but pork triumphed in North Carolina, it seems, because so many people raised hogs.

Holy Smoke quotes the 18th-century Virginia aristocrat William Byrd II on how, during his visits to the state, he found it populated by a "porcivorous" people whose "only business is raising of hogs, which is managed with the least trouble, and affords the diet they are most fond of." Even today there are more hogs than people in North Carolina, which is second only to Iowa in hog production. Perhaps the good news, for those watching their cholesterol, is that today's pigs are leaner than they used to be.

Holy Smoke is nothing if not respectful of the centrality of the pig in North Carolina barbecue. The book includes many sidebars on pigs and many drawings and photographs of pigs, some taken while in the pit, one even while being killed and, thus, in the first stage of becoming barbecue. Fittingly, the book includes a how-to chapter on barbecuing. And yes, you can do a whole hog at home.

Holy Smoke provides recipes on just about everything that goes with barbecue: sauces (both Eastern and Piedmont); slaw ("an almost universal side dish to barbecue"); cornbread and hushpuppies; greens; okra; baked beans (which have "no southern pedigree at all"); potato salad; macaroni and cheese (the first known recipe for which was published in 1390, in England); and dessert after dessert—cobblers, banana pudding, bread pudding, pies (including fried), and cakes.

Beer and wine, by the way, are usually not sold at barbecue places. Neither goes well with the smoke-flavored meat, and anyway the ethos of a barbecue place tends to be "family." Lots of places are closed on Sunday. To be sure, soft drinks are available, but the most common liquid refreshment is tea, meaning sweet tea, *really* sweet tea. The authors define this tea by citing the food critic Alan Richman—"Sweetened ice tea in North Carolina isn't a beverage. It's an intravenous glucose drip"—and say there's a reason for this: "The vinegar base of most North Carolina sauces cries out for something sweet to complement it." The recipe included in *Holy Smoke* calls for upwards of two cups of sugar and eight cups of water.

Holy Smoke ends with worry about the future of North Carolina barbecue. More and more barbecue places have quit using wood and are cooking with gas or electricity: What these places are serving is to real barbecue "what Velveeta is to cheese." Then, too, there are places that are no longer barbecue places because they tart up the meat with fancy sauces and ribs and even substitute other meats, like duck, for pork! "Be suspicious," write the authors, "of barbecue places with valet parking."

As you can see, John Shelton Reed and his coauthors make a spirited defense of their state's barbecue tradition. I'm happy to applaud their effort, and happy, too, to recommend their book. Read it while eating some 'cue—some real 'cue. ♦

Tania Unleashed

Before Billy Ayers was a national treasure, he was a 'phony revolutionary.' **BY PETER COLLIER**

Today Patty Hearst's story seems as antique as Pong or hot pants, but the nation was transfixed back in 1974, when the "newspaper heiress" was suddenly snatched from the Berkeley apartment where she was living listlessly with her fiancé, Willy Loman-in-training Steven Weed.

Her abductors, a little known revolutionary group called the Symbionese Liberation Front, stuffed Patty into a tiny closet in one of its "safe houses." For the next six weeks she was forced to endure ideological torment at the hands of this psychopathic remnant of hand-me-down Maoists led by a black felon named Cinque (slave name: Donald DeFreeze) whose chief accomplishment, until then, was to order a couple of his deranged soldiers to murder the popular black reformist Oakland schools superintendent Marcus Foster.

Patty's Got a Gun
Patricia Hearst in 1970s America
by William Graebner
Chicago, 228 pp., $20

The Bay Area's leftover left, most of whose cadre had by 1974 already begun the long march through the institutions that would one day bring them to department chairs, syndicated columns, and the Obama campaign, was embarrassed by the SLA. The sect challenged the left's key assumption that there were no enemies on the Left.

It had tried to replace Che's rousing and poetic *Hasta La Victoria Siempre* with the fascistic "Death to the Fascist Insect that Preys on the Life of the People." Worse yet, it made into action items concepts such as "revolutionary violence" that establishment radicals had hitherto used only as mental sex toys. Cinque so annoyed the old New Left that, at one point, Billy Ayers and Bernardine Dohrn sent a communiqué from

Peter Collier, founder of Encounter Books, is most recently the coauthor of Medal of Honor: Portraits of Valor Beyond the Call of Duty.

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their underground bomb factory telling him to dial it down a bit. (And the SLA replied by justly dissing these silver-spoon Weatherpeople as "phony revolutionaries.")

Two months after her kidnapping and "reeducation," Patty Hearst had her debut role as the beret-wearing, carbine-toting "Tania," performing for security cameras in the SLA's daring daytime robbery of San Francisco's Hibernia Bank. A month later, after the gang had relocated to Los Angeles, Patty had her own Rosebud moment alone in a van in front of Mel's Sporting Goods. While the other members of her "combat team," Bill and Emily Harris ("Teko" and "Yolanda"), embarked on a revolutionaryshoplifting expedition, she stayed behind, unwatched and unguarded. Not only this, but she provided covering fire with automatic weapons for her comrades when they came flying out of Mel's in a scuffle with store employees.

Soon after the unit's escape, the cops surrounded the main body of the SLA in a middle-class Los Angeles neighborhood. All of them, including Patty's lover Willie Wolf ("Cujo"), were incinerated when the house caught fire in the ensuing shootout. Patty fled across the country and spent a year in the underground with the Harrises, eventually returning to the Bay Area. In the fall of 1975 she was arrested by the FBI and, after having to change clothes because she had wet herself during the bust, emerged into a throng of reporters trying feebly to maneuver her manacled hands into a black power salute.

She was tried a year later, appearing in court with a zombie-like affect made all the more incongruous by the jaunty arch of her thinly penciled eyebrows. In large part because her parents ("the pig Hearsts" she had called them on taped communiqués from the underground) mistakenly hired the era's premier legal gasbag, F. Lee Bailey, Patty was convicted and sentenced to seven years in federal prison, a term commuted three years later by Jimmy Carter. Patty married her bodyguard and vanished from the headlines.

For SUNY professor William Graebner, however, Patty Hearst is not yesterday's news. No, he believes that Patty is a text still waiting to be read and a signifier until now not decoded. Why? Because she had the misfortune to become a reluctant revolutionary at exactly the wrong time.

He states at the beginning of *Patty's Got a Gun* that the questions asked of and about her were "pertinent to a variety of issues that lay just beneath the surface . . . of everyday affairs—among them the meaning of the 1960s, standards of criminal responsibility, the role of women and the idea of the welfare state." But the seventies, an interregnum era double-parked on the road leading from revolution to reaction, was not strong enough to handle the possible answers. Only our own postmodern era has the necessary perspective and lit-crit tools sharp enough, finally, to dissect Patty's exhumed experience.

It was at the trial—one of the umpteen trials of the century that took place in the 1960s and '70s—that what Graebner calls "the Hearst event" acquired critical mass. As he sees it, defense attorney Bailey fitfully and ineptly tried to prove that Patty had been a victim—perhaps not of the Stockholm Syndrome, which hadn't yet been discovered—but at least of brainwashing, or "coercive persuasion," as it was more elegantly referred to by his expert witnesses.

The prosecution's case, Graebner believes, was simply an equal and opposite reaction to such tunnel vision: that Patty, weighed down by family privilege and sexist expectations, had a secret yearning for authenticity and was a "rebel looking for a cause," in the damning words of one government witness. He contends that these equally monochromatic views were incapable of understanding the full bandwidth of Patty's multiplicities and the rich indeterminacy of her meanings.

Patricia Hearst in custody, 1975

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All metaphorical synapses firing allusively in the best tradition of cultural studies, professor Graebner tries to show what caused and lay behind the era's blind spots. Contextualizing the central issue of the trial—did Patty will her change or was she changed by circumstances beyond her control?—in the seventies' assumptions about human nature, he astutely discusses the "fragile" self, the "performing" self (a result of the 20th century's substitution of "personality" for "character"), and the "rootless" self, cut off from tradition, that is the hallmark of modernity.

He considers the resonances between Patty's situation and the experiences of POWs returning home from the Korea and Vietnam wars, and survivors of Auschwitz; the relevance of famous studies on obedience and authority conducted by Philip Zimbardo and Stanley Milgrim; and the significance of the seventies' panic over "narcissism" which writers such as Christopher Lasch adroitly strip-mined.

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He shows the relationship between the Hearst case and cultural artifacts such as *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, and *The Stepford Wives*. He analyzes the seventies' terrified "discovery" of Alzheimer's, a disease that engendered dread because "it attacked qualities of personal responsibility and self awareness that were at the core of what it meant to be a 'middle class American.'" He suggests that the lyrics of Gloria Gaynor's songs have a bearing on Patty's saga and compares her choices to those of *Alien*'s Lt. Ellen Ripley, Squeaky Fromme, and other determined females of the era.

The impressive assemblage of epiphenomena helps support one of Graebner's major points: that the 1970s were too haunted by the ghosts of revolutions past and reaction yet to come to be able to summon up the tolerance of ambiguity, incongruity, and moral complexity required to understand the full range of interpretive possibilities in the Hearst case, of the many selves Patty inhabited in the time between abduction by the SLA and capture by William Saxbe's FBI (which the author may feel were morally equivalent organizations) and of that undiscovered country where she may have momentarily resided that lies beyond legality and beyond good and evil as well.

Graebner doesn't particularly care about Patty's ultimate fate—although what happened to "Tania" is a question that seems to send a tingle up his leg. He writes about her because he believes that her trial represented a turning point, one of those metaphorical moments that occur once every 50 years or so when American culture allows a shift in its tectonic plates.

In this case it was the moment when we began to descend from the joyously open "alternative politics" and "possibilities" of the 1960s into the implacable 1980s, with what Graebner regards as its noxious ideas of free markets, family values, and, worst of all, personal responsibility.

Patty Hearst was judged guilty by her jury and by America itself because "she had failed to represent and articulate the emerging political, social and cultural consensus—the consensus that would elect Ronald Reagan, defeat the Equal Rights Amendment, begin the assault on feminism, attempt to ban abortion, challenge affirmative action, contest the forced busing of school children . . . and revise ideas of crime and criminal justice."

So this is the reason to disinter the Hearst case: It shows what was buried in the collective unconscious of a culture inexorably grinding to the right; the exact instant when the social balance in America shifted in favor of the "black and white, either/or perspective" of the Moral Majority (although this organization would not be formed for several years) "that would find its way into politics, dominating the presidency of George W. Bush."

Now there is, of course, no single word in our vocabulary that causes multiplicity and multivalence to vanish more quickly than "Bush." No word more capable of turning what is supposed to be a light-footed pomo soft shoe into a hobnailed slam dance. And if it was only to certify a puny, fictitious moral such as this one, Patty Hearst probably should have been left undisturbed in the cultural dead letter office where she has resided with equanimity ever since her 15 minutes ended—a matron who raises French bulldogs for show, does campy little walk-ons in John Waters productions, and watches over her one daughter, a model whose alleged boyfriend not long ago replied to a gossip magazine that asked what he did: "I just write dope songs and [bleep] hot bitches." ♦

It's Killing Time

Only the most 'sensitive and important' murders for Adam Dalgliesh. **BY JAMES GRANT**

An editorial in the *Times* (London), written to mark the publication of P.D. James's latest novel, *The Private Patient*, praised Lady James as "a perceptive chronicler of the changing landscape of London." It is true that she brings her traditional values to bear on some of the problems that blight modern society. But I'm not sure James's chronicling of modern Britain should be the first thing about her novels to celebrate.

The Private Patient
by P.D. James
Knopf, 368 pp., $25.95

Rather, they tend to have the elegant settings of quaint English villages or, as in this one, a luxurious Elizabethan manor house in Dorset. Even when the plot takes the characters to London, it tends to be done, fleetingly, in the quiet of a Sunday morning; either that or they are having lunch at The Ivy, the famous and fashionable restaurant. These settings all add to the sense of comfort which is a hallmark of P.D. James.

Perhaps the most loved aspect of James's books, however, is not the fact that they are good, old-fashioned, classic crime novels, but that she writes with an eloquence that transcends the genre and lifts it to a level where the word "literature" can legitimately be used. Like many genre writers, James is determined to escape from the confines of crime fiction, and to bring more depth to her characters and literary flourishes to her prose. For it is the quality of the prose that keeps you coming back for more, even when the plot, artificially concocted as most

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detective fiction is, does not quite reach the same height.

This is true of *The Private Patient*. Commander Adam Dalgliesh—that much loved poet-detective of Scotland Yard—investigates a murder in the exclusive surroundings of Cheverell Manor. Having been partly converted into a plastic surgery clinic, the manor is renowned for its seclusion and, of course, attracts a high calibre of patients. The murder is of a distinguished investigative journalist, Rhoda Gradwyn, who is a very private person. (Even her own mother seems indifferent to her death: "You don't expect it to happen to someone you know," she says, expressing a lack of closeness.)

Gradwyn becomes a patient at the clinic in order to have a horrible facial scar removed. The scar was caused by her drunken father, and while she has lived with it for 34 years, she now "no longer has need of it"—a point the reader is repeatedly reminded about. From the opening sentence, we know it is a decision "which would lead inexorably to her death."

This was obviously meant to create an ominous sense of foreboding. But it doesn't; it just tells us who is going to die, which we already knew from the blurb. And so we wait patiently for the patient to die—or at least we try to wait patiently (if I'm being honest, I was thinking: "get on with it"). We know the death is coming, and when it finally comes, after almost 90 pages and much, maybe too much, characterization of Gradwyn as a withdrawn enigma, it comes as a relief. We eventually begin to lose ourselves.

After Dalgliesh has gathered the closed pool of possible suspects for questioning in the Clue-like library, it soon becomes clear that several of them have strong motives to want Gradwyn dead. All the classic techniques are in place, and James does not disappoint. Indeed, in a nod towards the classic crime writing of the 1950s, James pays homage to Cyril Hare's *Untimely Death* throughout. Also intertwined with the investigation is a myth behind the Cheverell Stones in the grounds of the manor. In 1654, so the myth goes, a woman was tied to the tallest stone and burnt as a witch, thus adding to the mystery.

But most interesting is Dalgliesh himself, a character that James's fans will by now know quite well, but that nevertheless manages to intrigue. He has been around for some time (this is his 14th outing since James's first novel in 1962, *Cover Her Face*), and normally a detective of his rank would not be doing the sort of work he does here. But Lady James daintily maneuvers around this problem by placing him in a special, elite squad. In this book the squad is called in by No. 10 Downing Street to investigate the murder. Dalgliesh only tackles the most sensitive and important crimes, naturally—though quite what is so sensitive and important about this particular murder is not especially clear.

P.D. James

James has given Dalgliesh all the qualities she admires: intelligence, compassion, but not sentimentality. So when his fiancée, Emma Lavenham, intrudes on his investigation to ask him to help a friend who was the victim of a rape, he does not hesitate before saying no. For him the job always comes first. It would, however, be wrong to mistake this for coldness; Dalgliesh's compassion is always evident.

"I am speaking to Adam Dalgliesh the poet," somebody tells him, "not Adam Dalgliesh the detective." In fact, the two sides are inseparable.

Pirouetting through her prose, James often indulges in thoughtful meditations on the nature of things. Sometimes she pulls these digressions off; other times not. "Perhaps it's arrogant," Dalgliesh ponders after uncovering the murderer, "this need to know the truth." Later he decides that what is arrogant is thinking we can both know the truth and understand it, "particularly the truth about human motives, the mysterious working of another's mind."

It may not be a particularly profound observation, but it does lend weight to the claim often made about James's books: That they are not only whodunits, but also whydunits.

Phyllis Dorothy James—otherwise known as the mistress of mystery or the queen of crime or, since 1991, Baroness James of Holland Park—wrote in her autobiography, *Time to Be in Earnest*, that all autobiography is fiction, and that all fiction is autobiography. Of course, with crime fiction, this idea can only be taken so far. That said, during the writing of *The Private Patient*, James, who is in her 88th year, was herself hospitalized by a heart failure and yet continued—through what she describes as a "happy period"—to write a book which her fans will love.

Although, like Gradwyn, James ended up in a private room, it is with Dalgliesh that she is most closely akin, and it is his attention to detail, his intelligence, and his compassion that flow from every page. ♦

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Biomorality

The uses and abuses of science in political life.

BY STEVEN LENZNER

Among the many authorities we adhere to today, only science rivals that of equality. This is not thought to be a problem because, as everyone knows, science is morally and politically neutral. Or so we are informed by luminaries ranging from Albert Einstein to George W. Bush. As such, science cannot come into conflict with our democracy. But is science as innocent as scientists claim?

Science, the argument goes, offers knowledge of the inner workings of nature that bestows upon us the power to alter the physical and material conditions under which we live. Yet that knowledge does not come with an instruction manual. Whether science is used for good ends or bad—in the service, for example, of freedom or of tyranny—is beyond its purview. Science stands outside of, indeed above, politics.

Imagining the Future
Science and American Democracy
by Yuval Levin
Encounter, 145 pp., $21.95

Henceforth, all who read Yuval Levin's *Imagining the Future* will refrain from availing themselves of this plausible, but deeply misleading, piece of conventional wisdom. Levin has a deep understanding of American political life, but he also has an expert knowledge of political philosophy, and puts both to good use in this important and enlightening book.

Levin shows that the Joe Friday ideal of science—"Just the facts, ma'am"—overlooks the woods for the trees. It ignores the reality that science, as we take it for granted, is a relatively new phenomenon in human history and was brought about by men who saw science and healthy politics as inextricably linked. Modern science came into being in the 17th century through the thought and action of a handful of great thinkers, foremost among them Francis Bacon and René Descartes. They successfully sought to change the character of scientific activity for distinctively human and political ends.

Ancient science was contemplative: It sought to understand nature, but was content to let it run its course. The scientific project founded by Bacon and Descartes saw nature as hostile to human prosperity, as penurious and arbitrary. Far from being a source of guidance on how to live, nature was something to be overcome or conquered. Science was, in Bacon's famous phrase, to be put in the service of "the relief of man's estate." A new order was to emerge in which science would progressively conquer poverty and disease and hold out the prospect of the indefinite extension of human life. Empirical science was to be the means of political reformation.

Levin nicely sums up the less sober aspirations born of the modern scientific project in this way:

> From the very beginning, the modern worldview has given rise to peculiar utopianisms of various stripes, all grounded in the dream of overcoming nature and living, free of necessity and fear, able to meet every one of our needs and our whims, and able, most especially, to live indefinitely in good health. This brand of utopianism generally begins in a benign libertarianism, though at times it has ended in political extremism, if not the guillotine.

We're far from the guillotine, but you only have to think about the relative capacities of smoking, on the one hand, and blasphemy, on the other, to generate indignation and see precisely to what extent this peculiarly modern moralism has taken hold.

To be sure, Levin is not the first to observe the hidden political foundations and aims of modern science, but you would be hard pressed to find a treatment that is equally accessible, engaging, and precise. What is new here is the manner in which he uses his scholarly knowledge to illumine the character of our contemporary (and future) political life.

The problem, as Levin diagnoses it, is that our constitutional order depends upon modern science and its blessings, yet science also works as a subtle moral corrosive that threatens to undermine the moral judgment essential to a healthy liberal democracy:

> In our time, we are perhaps less inclined to recognize science as a set of ideas with aspirations to universality precisely because the scientific enterprise has been so successful. But the authority we cede to science, both as the servant of health and as the master of knowledge, weakens our allegiance to those other sources of wisdom so crucial to our self-understanding and self-government. Those other sources serve to ground our moral judgment, while science avoids or flattens moral questions, since it cannot answer them and rarely needs to ask them. . . . For all its power, science risks leaving us morally impotent.

Put another way, the hidden moral premises of science—especially those concerning health—have so insinuated themselves into our collective consciousness that any attempt to challenge them in the name of other goods is almost invariably a defensive, rearguard action. Such attempts can slow but not stem the tide of "progress," and rollbacks are all but unimaginable.

Levin dwells most extensively on biotechnology, which he sees as politically revealing and potentially explosive because it raises direct questions about how we define ourselves in the most intimate aspects of our lives, such as birth, death, family, sex, and so on. However important other controversies may be—climate change, say, or ethanol subsidies—they seem merely technical compared with the foundational

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moral quandaries raised by biotechnology, from embryonic stem cell research to human cloning to the prospect of "designer babies," and beyond.

The promises and hazards of biotechnology put formerly taboo subjects front and center. In the spirit of his hero, Edmund Burke, Levin laments the tearing away of what Burke called "the decent drapery of life"—namely, the realm governed by moral intuition, instinct, and sentiment. As soon as we must debate publicly (and justify with reasons) such sound moral rules previously taken for granted—the Hippocratic oath, or even something as intuitively repellent as incest—we grant that there is something to talk about, that everything is on the table.

Levin has no illusions that the genie will return to the bottle. Nor does he believe that a reliance on moral intuitions is right or proper for our liberal-democratic way of life. He recognizes that moral intuitions based on instinctual repugnance may be the product of prejudices, and he acknowledges that our system requires informed citizen participation to inspire thoughtful deliberation by elected officials. So Levin keeps one eye dry. All he asks is that, prior to addressing policy questions involving such intuitions, we not quickly bypass them in our headlong rush to decide in a detached, "scientific" manner. Genuine open-mindedness requires that we ask ourselves if there are good, if inchoate, reasons for the powerful, visceral reactions some taboos evoke, reasons that should be respected and accommodated in our policies and practices.

Of course, the fact that we are willing to discuss matters previously veiled from public view does not mean that we will discuss them well. So Levin outlines what a genuinely and morally serious political debate about science would look like.

He shines a light, for example, on the impoverished character of the debate about the use of embryonic stem cells for medical research. Neither prominent academics, who seek to obscure the moral questions raised by such research, nor legislators, who believe that individual tales of woe are sufficient to dispense with moral argument, escape Levin's incisive skewering. Though an unapologetic opponent of embryonic stem cell research, Levin has less interest in winning converts than in persuading the open-minded that such research raises serious moral questions that should not be ignored: Regardless of where one ends up on the matter, only the incurably callous would shrug at the creation and casual destruction of potential human life.

Levin will persuade thoughtful readers. Yet even accepting Levin's basic argument, his secondary case against embryonic stem cell research leaves one feeling ambivalent. Having argued that we need to heed our moral intuition, he fails to provide a compelling reason why, in the matter at hand, we should not embrace those selfsame intuitions that tell us this minuscule entity—the embryo—has nothing in common with us, and its fate should not be causing sleepless nights. Levin avoids what is, at once, the principled but wildly impolitic argument that the embryo, as potential human life, deserves the same rights as actual human beings. Instead, he limits himself to making a case for "moderation"—a muddling-through that seeks to meet the demands of our citizenry for longevity and medical progress without running afoul of our moral sense and sensibilities.

In describing our democracy's constitutional impetus for discussing all matters in a forthright manner, Levin somewhat overstates our willingness to do so:

> Modern democracy may have a greater sense than any of its predecessors of the importance of separating private and public affairs, but everything deemed public (as the questions raised by modern technology have rightly been) is, at least in principle, fully discussed and exposed. For good and bad, very few things are left implicit or unspoken in a liberal democracy.

Unfortunately, this is only half true. Much as we may congratulate ourselves for our openness to any and all opinions—prizing "diversity" for its own sake—not all reflexive sentiments on things public are open to discussion by decent folk. It seems that only the sentiments of the political right have become fair game.

Insofar as "traditional morality" appears to stand in the way of our aspirations for physical well-being and medical progress, it will be under assault. Yet the capacity for unreflective moral intuition (and indignation) is alive and well in certain important realms of American life. Consider higher education. Sad to say, it is precisely in the *only* institution where untrammeled questioning can do no harm—where it is the indispensable means to its end—that it is least respected. Political correctness employs the means of traditional morality, especially shame, less to silence certain opinions than to make them unthinkable.

The second half of *Imagining the Future* offers an insightful analysis of our politics in terms of left and right, and their respective attitudes towards science—attitudes which reveal much about our contemporary political ideologies. Levin identifies our two fundamental approaches in terms of a left "anthropology of innovation" and a right "anthropology of generations."

The anthropology of innovation is hopeful and discontent, animated by a belief that things here and now can always be better, and it views its task as ushering in that change, often hand-in-hand with modern science. The anthropology of innovation views the individual and his idiosyncratic aims—whether the "pursuit of happiness" or a quest for self-actualization—as primary. Levin notes a burgeoning tension between the left's desire to use science aggressively to improve human life and its simultaneous embrace of environmentalism, which refuses to "privilege" human life and sometimes betrays an antipathy to it.

The anthropology of generations is more resigned, content, and cautious; it appreciates the society it has inherited and is mindful of its responsibility to pass the riches to future generations. Though not hostile to science, the right views it more skeptically and worries about its capacity to undermine those institutions conservatives wish to preserve. According to Levin, this skepticism extends to reason itself, and accounts for the right's affinity for tradition. For the political right, the family—along with the conditions that allow it to thrive—is fundamental. ♦

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Vulture Culture

What happens when a 103-year-old heiress falls ill.

BY JUDY BACHRACH

Brooke Astor's Park Avenue apartment, stuffed in her old age with red velvet Louis XV chairs, her late husband's 3,000 Moroccan-bound first editions, and an expensive Childe Hassam painting of American flags whipping in the breeze (which turned out to be the only true love of her life), was always emblematic of its owner: very old, very moneyed, a fortress of affluence, that—like New York's premiere philanthropist—hid a large pile of insecurities.

Mrs. Astor Regrets
The Hidden Betrayals of a Family Beyond Reproach
by Meryl Gordon
Houghton Mifflin, 336 pp., $28

The former Roberta Brooke Russell was neither really pretty nor born rich, and she married badly; two out of three times, at least. Her first husband broke her jaw and also very likely raped her. It was this last felonious assault, as Meryl Gordon concludes in an especially incisive moment, that accounted for the birth of Brooke's son Tony and all that happened subsequently between them.

And thereby, of course, hangs not simply a tale but *the* tale that continues to both thrill and spook gossipy New York to this day: the story of Tony Marshall, as Brooke's son came to be called (he was adopted by the doyenne's second husband), and the slender, distant, upwardly mobile mother about whom he clearly has feelings so raw that he is, at 84, about to face trial for swindling her in her dotage out of millions.

Mrs. Astor Regrets is actually the second account of Brooke's relationship with her only child. The first, written two years ago by Frances Kiernan, a biographer evidently so embarrassed by all the sordid details that emerged that she could barely bring herself to mention them, was reviewed by me in these pages. However, Gordon's is the only account worth reading, and she tells it very well. It is a fascinating story of the problems that bedevil all the most interesting families: mismatched kinship and thwarted affection.

Tony was meant to have a better, more loving mother. Brooke was meant to exit life much as she lived it: in a blaze of glory. She blighted his youth. He helped ruin her old age. If you're a fan of the New York papers (and here I'm definitely including the *New York Times*, which savored the greed and humiliation that defined this story every bit as much as Page Six), then you already know the bare-boned facts.

These include intergenerational alienation, rapacity, and, most remarkably, a will revised by Brooke, while she was suffering from Alzheimer's, which provided her son with "an additional outright gift to you of $5 million . . . to assure Charlene's comfort." Charlene, as it happened, was her son's third wife, and the daughter-in-law Brooke famously detested. As Gordon remarks in one of her few ironic asides, "Who could say that Brooke Astor was not a good mother? In poor health, she had still remembered to make financial concessions to a woman whom by most accounts she loathed."

Brooke was 103 years old when these and other details emerged, two years away from death, and the combination of accumulated years and accumulated wealth, of terminal tragedy and the great good fortune that had preceded it, compelled all sorts of people to come to her aid. The cast of Brooke champions included David Rockefeller, Tony's alienated son Philip, Annette de la Renta, Henry Kissinger, many lawyers equipped with many axes, and Barbara Walters.

The cast of villains—a group whose members, as Gordon cautiously suggests, may not have entirely deserved the epithet, or at least not in every instance reported by the breathless media-—was very much smaller: Tony, his wife Charlene, and yet another lawyer. Aside from Barbara Walters, the author appears to have managed to get everyone to dish, including the reserved Annette de la Renta. That, among other things, is her triumph.

Brooke Astor and friend

CHESTER HIGGINS JR. / THE NEW YORK TIMES / REDUX

In March 2006, as Tony Marshall's son Philip complained at the time, Brooke's nursing staff had been reduced; her insubstantial meals consisted of pureed carrots and liver. The Park Avenue duplex was "in such a dirty and dilapidated state" that she was "forced to live among peel-

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ing and falling paint and dusty and crumbling carpets." But there were other allegations, equally repellant, which made fine headlines, but contained little or no substance. Word had it that a living room couch was stained with dog urine, which turned out to be untrue; and that certain of the old lady's medications had been halted, which was true, but done at a doctor's behest.

Gone, too, was the wonderful Childe Hassam painting, which Brooke had always intended to bequeath to the Metropolitan Museum. In 2002, she had sold it for $10 million (a paltry sum, as it turned out, since it was subsequently resold by a gallery for twice that amount). "Tony wanted me to sell the painting, because I'm running out of money," Brooke told the deeply puzzled de la Renta, who found it impossible to suppose her friend was actually hurting for funds.

With excellent reason, as things turned out. A few years later the old lady was evidently so flush with cash and securities that Tony, as he would later acknowledge, received $2.38 million as recompense for the delightful job of managing his mother's money—five times his usual annual salary.

Well, that was then. If he's convicted of first degree larceny, as Gordon points out, Tony could serve up to a quarter of a century in jail. But that isn't likely because it would mean he would be 109 at the time of his release. But even an acquittal would yield very little. Tony has two sons, one of whom blew the whistle on him. He had a mother who turned out to be generous toward him only as her mental capacities failed. His mother's social friends despise him. He has lawyers (four of them to date) and a wife people snub. And he has a reputation that was, is, and will be for many, many months the stuff of headlines, some of them based on fact.

In this time of economic distress, it is instructive to realize that, while money can most certainly buy you love and lots of other things, the one thing it still can't get you is good press. ♦

Tin Lizzie Tales

The car that made America an automotive culture.

BY RICHARD STRINER

For the Model T Ford's centennial year, Johns Hopkins University Press has produced an extremely handsome, short, and informative book about Henry Ford's great creation. The author, Robert Casey, is transportation curator at The Henry Ford, the rather awkward new name for what used to be the Edison Institute, an organization founded by Ford himself "to convey the inspiration of American genius to the young."

The Model T Ford
A Centennial History
by Robert Casey
Johns Hopkins, 166 pp., $24.95

Casey has succeeded in examining the Model T from a variety of angles. Beginning with a survey of automobile technology in 1908, he shows how Ford found a way to adapt the best European automobile configuration of the time—the "Mercedes-style" car, with a front-mounted engine—to the pocketbook of the American middle-class consumer and the dreadful conditions that prevailed on American roads.

As Ford put it himself, he wanted to design a car that was "powerful enough for American roads and capable of carrying its passengers anywhere that a horse-drawn vehicle will go without the driver being afraid of ruining his car." That was a very tall order, given what Casey calls the "abysmal thoroughfares" of the day: roads that were "dusty in dry weather, muddy morasses in the rain, and creased with frozen ruts in the winter."

Richard Striner, professor of history at Washington College, is the author, most recently, of Father Abraham: Lincoln's Relentless Struggle to End Slavery.

Ford's solution was to build a very flexible vehicle of lightweight but sturdy vanadium steel with ingenious triangular shapes in the suspension that distributed weight so remarkably well that the undercarriage of the Model T (the "chassis") could deliver the contortions that were needed on the horrible surface of the roads.

"Like a reed bending in the wind," Casey writes, "the Ford chassis twisted with the ruts, holes, and bumps of American roads, but did not break." These features, combined with its low price, made the Model T Ford "a classic example of the right product at the right time." Before long, it had worldwide appeal.

Casey also describes the manufacturing process that produced the Model T. He tackles the job of explaining industrial procedures by using architectural diagrams and photographs of the assembly floor as Ford shifted it around from year to year. Instead of using the photographs to supplement explanatory text, Casey's text is driven by the photographs. What he does is to explain the pictures, prompting the reader to look and look again at these revealing glimpses of Ford mass production at work. In making technical procedures superbly clear, this section of the book is nothing less than a minor *tour de force*.

From Ford's earlier shops to the ultra-modern Highland Park plant, designed by the architect Albert Kahn and built north of Detroit in 1908, to the immense River Rouge plant (1917), an industrial complex so utterly gigantic it contained its own internal steel mill, we behold the emergence

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of Henry Ford's industrial empire.

In some ways, Casey's most interesting text is related to the selling of the car. The personalizing of the sales campaign around the figure of Ford himself—the famous "Ford script" logo made it seem as if Henry signed every car as an individual work of art—sent the message that a rugged individualist was empowering the common man (and common woman) everywhere.

As to the latter, Ford advertising made a pitch to the feminist movement of the times. A 1915 Ford brochure called *The Woman and the Ford* proclaimed that "It's woman's day. No longer a 'shut in,' she reaches for an ever wider sphere of action—that she may be more the woman. . . . The car is a real weapon in the changing order."

But Ford the progressive and modernizer was, in many ways, tragically at odds with Ford the retrogressive crank. This is an oft told tale. The Model T succumbed to competition by the 1920s, and Ford was resistant to change. Other firms embraced improvements that made their cars more comfortable and easier to drive, while Henry, by then the sole owner of the firm, became stubborn and defiant, an out-of-touch autocrat.

He resisted credit sales, which he regarded as bad for the morals of his customers. He had a "Sociological Department" investigate the private lives of his workers, lest they slip into decadence. He developed a horror of the personal freedom that the Model T might provide. For this reason he resisted a number of improvements that could give his customers a carefree driving experience: He wished to "build their character" instead.

Ford the liberator was at war with Ford the punitive paternalist. Casey concludes that he "saw the tough, utilitarian, slowly evolving Model T as not only all the car that people would ever need—it was all the car they should ever want."

By the twenties, however, this attitude led to falling sales. The ruggedness, the sheer primitivism, of the Model T seemed worse with every passing year. The car had to be cranked, and yet the crank could kick back and break your wrist. The gas tank was under the car's front seat, and there was no gas gauge provided. You had to check the level of the gas by using a dipstick—a very hard (and dangerous) thing to do at night. To check the oil, you had to crawl under the car and open two completely separate petcocks. There was no windshield wiper until Ford offered one that had to be cranked *by hand* as the driver tried to steer. There was no heater.

Henry Ford and his inventions

ASSOCIATED PRESS

As early as 1914 an independent publication called *The Fordowner* did a lively business giving troubleshooting tips to Ford drivers. This could not go on. Ford, surrounded by yes-men—his best designers and production men began defecting to Chevrolet—was persuaded at last by his clever son Edsel to discontinue "T" production in 1927. But he did so bitterly.

The Model T Ford is especially effective in describing what it felt like to *drive* one. Robert Casey's powers of description make it easy for us to imagine what it must have been like when the driver had to race from the front of the car after cranking the engine to adjust the faraway "spark lever" on the steering column. Or when the driver had to manage three different pedals on the floor. They controlled the car's "planetary transmission" (no gear-shift lever in the "T") in coordination with the throttle lever on the steering column and the separate hand lever to the left of the driver that held the transmission in neutral while locking the emergency brakes on the rear wheels. (These emergency brakes were intended to prevent the car from rolling in a stationary position.) But to stop the car *in motion*, one had to use a pedal that applied direct force to the *transmission* instead of to the wheels.

Was this dangerous? Very dangerous, and Casey's book makes all of this beautifully clear. It is a masterpiece in many different ways. A short study of a man and his machine, *The Model T Ford* explores all the quirky contradictions of both. It shows the brilliance and myopia that animated Henry Ford's vision. Through the limited task of presenting this centennial study, Casey has found a way to write an exemplary work that has synthesized biography, corporate history, cultural commentary, engineering analysis, and elements of psychology—individual and social—without a trace of intellectual pretension. And there are no false notes in this book. None at all. ♦

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Taken On Faith

No diplomatic recognition for religion in Foggy Bottom.

BY JOSEPH LOCONTE

Not long after the toppling of the theocratic Taliban, a delegation of Afghan leaders involved in drafting a new constitution paid a visit to Washington. I met with one of them at the Mayflower Hotel, where we sipped coffee and talked about Islam, democracy, and the prospects for religious freedom in Afghan society.

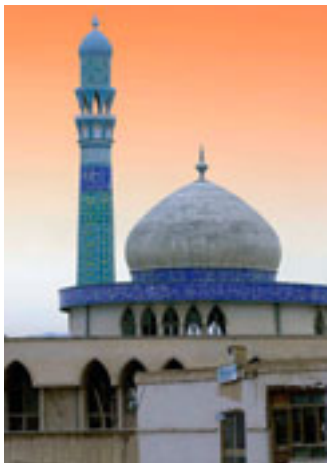
"I believe in the separation of church and state," he told me, and quietly explained that he could not express this view openly. When we parted, I wondered whether his State Department hosts were aware of his Jeffersonian hopes for Afghanistan—and whether he would find a way to voice them.

It turns out that the principle of religious liberty had not figured into the State Department's strategy. Afghanistan's 2003 constitution declares the country an Islamic state, fails to protect religious minorities, and sanctions the death penalty for apostasy—as the 2006 trial of Abdul Rahman made embarrassingly clear. A convert to Christianity, Rahman escaped beheading only after a public appeal from Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice.

"Afghan democracy had officially declared that there was no contradiction between protecting human rights and the judicially required execution of a man for his peaceful religious practices," writes Thomas Farr in *World of Faith and Freedom*. "The constitution had created a window through which extremism could lawfully enter, contend with the reformers and the moderates, and stand an excellent chance of defeating them."

World of Faith and Freedom
Why International Religious Liberty is Vital to American National Security
by Thomas F. Farr
Oxford, 384 pp., $29.95

The odds that the extremists will triumph in Afghanistan and other Islamic countries look better now than they did a few years ago, and Farr's invaluable book helps to explain why. His contention is that America's foreign policy establishment has either ignored religion or treated it as a bastion of irrationality—something to be contained, managed, or marginalized. The ironic result is that the most religious democracy in the West has failed to engage the most important catalyst for democratic change, the ideals and institutions of religion.



The problem, Farr writes, cuts across political and ideological lines. It afflicts the "realist" school of Henry Kissinger, which sees religion mostly in terms of power politics, no less than "liberal internationalism" *à la* Madeleine Albright, which treats religious values as an obstacle to liberal social policy. Neoconservatives, despite their attention to cultural issues, often share secular assumptions about faith—namely, that it must be privatized before human rights and democratic institutions can take hold.

Such thinking, Farr argues, endangers U.S. national security by underwriting "a diplomacy of unreality." Many of the political regimes that matter most to American interests, after all, are awash in religious dogmas and motivations. A Foreign Service veteran and former intelligence officer, Farr understands the terrain better than most. He served as the first director of the Office of International Religious Freedom at the State Department and was responsible for designing and executing American policies to promote religious liberty. Farr has met with many victims of persecution from around the world—and with the theocratic thugs who do the persecuting. Here, at last, are the mature political reflections of a top-ranking diplomat *and* a religious believer (he is Roman Catholic), brought to bear on the central foreign policy challenges of the 21st century.

To be sure, some progress has been made in incorporating religion into foreign policy planning. The 1998 International Religious Freedom Act (IRFA) mandated that the State Department produce a comprehensive annual report on religious liberty. A separate office of international religious freedom was created at the State Department, with its own ambassador-at-large. American embassies and their staffs were required, for the first time, to pay attention to faith communities in their countries. All this has helped raise the profile of religious prisoners and ratchet up pressure for their release.

Nevertheless, Farr explains, this "humanitarian approach" leaves unchallenged the structures and habits of persecution. A report commissioned by the Pew Charitable Trusts earlier this year found that religious repression involves "a much larger cast of characters" and "much deeper, more

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PUBLIC DOMAIN

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extensive problems" than a decade ago. In countries such as Pakistan—another Muslim state with blasphemy laws—religious extremism is on the rise. Saudi Arabia, which makes no pretense to religious liberty, continues to succor the violent Wahhabi brand of Sunni Islam. Iranian militancy, supported by a clerical Council of Guardians, speaks for itself. In each case, religious tyranny and terrorist activity go hand in hand.

Despite the blinding clarity of these facts, American efforts to support Muslim democrats remain anemic at best. The notion that the teachings and truth claims of Islam might provide the foundation for political reform still doesn't get much play in foreign policy circles. The National Endowment for Democracy promotes programs largely indifferent to the question of religious freedom. The recommendations of the 9/11 Commission report, the Iraq Study Group, and the RAND Corporation all betray the same weaknesses. Writes Farr:

> The religious rationale for violence must be turned on its head. Mainstream Muslims who reject violence and coercion not in spite of Islam, but because of it, must move to the fore. Until that happens, U.S. policy in Afghanistan and Iraq, and its counter terrorism efforts around the world, are unlikely to succeed.

Here is a new kind of foreign policy realism—the realism that comes from understanding not only the threat of religious fanaticism, but also the reforming power of transcendent faith. The singular value of *World of Faith and Freedom* is that it grasps the genius of the American creed—religious belief as a strong ally of human rights and human reason—and defends its enduring relevance in an age of religious terror.

"To speak of the American founding is to speak of great things," writes Ellis Sandoz, "a great conspiracy of faith and reason." For the sake of national security, it's time America's political leaders and diplomats spoke of these great things again, openly and often. ♦

SWIM INK / CORBIS

Tunnel Revision

Anti-anti-Communism is alive and well at Long Beach State. **BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ**

The subtitle of this wretched book reveals the arrogance with which the contemporary intellectual left has transformed facts of history into absurd and mendacious legends.

The main target chosen by Hugh Wilford for such a repellent and redundant exercise is the Congress for Cultural Freedom (CCF), an effort to counter global Soviet influence over intellectuals with the support of the U.S. government and intelligence officials. But plenty of other anti-Communists, from Jay Lovestone and his associates in the labor movement to Christians working in Indochina, fall within range of his revisionist rage.

The Mighty Wurlitzer
How the CIA Played America
by Hugh Wilford
Harvard, 384 pp., $27.95

The first lie resides in the subtitle, since anti-Communist efforts backed by the federal government (and described herein) had almost no role in American life, and it cannot be reasonably argued that the CIA or any recipients of its support significantly manipulated opinion in the United States. But professor Wilford's screed is intended to convince Americans that in a generation past the public was a victim of CIA disinformation intended to make it a compliant tool in the Cold War. And in this reading, the Cold War was an evil enterprise intended to reinforce American global domination.

One is tempted to respond to this botch with the comment of the longtime AFL-CIO president George Meany, who affirmed his "pride in the work that we have done overseas" in supporting anti-Communist unionism, and protested against "the CIA . . . trying to horn in on it."

But let us begin with the most obvious question: Who or what is Hugh Wilford? Since he brings nothing new to this accounting, and this cut-and-paste chronicle is strewn with errors, what standing has he to produce such a catechism of contumely? He is an associate professor of history at Long Beach State University in Long Beach, California, who has published some previous, but undistinguished, examples of leftist propaganda. It is therefore unsurprising that, as with other chapters of modern history transformed into myth by the left, there is little new to be added to this immorality play.

Professor Wilford's disputation is markedly primitive: According to him, the involvement of the intelligence community in assisting anti-Communist labor organizers, religious figures, and intellectuals provides "proof, if any were needed, of the fundamental rottenness of liberal anti-Communism." But events in Eastern

Stephen Schwartz is the author, most recently, of The Other Islam: Sufism and the Road to Global Harmony.

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Europe and the former Soviet Union after 1989 should furnish proof, if any were needed, of the fundamental rottenness of pseudo-liberal anti-anti-Communism. Still, Professor Wilford evades this reality throughout his book; it was written as if the Soviet empire had never collapsed and the views of the early CIA and the anti-Communists had not been bountifully vindicated by history.

But there is no history in this book, only ideology, delivered without nuance. For example, the "patrician" James Burnham, who became a leading anti-Communist figure, was a prominent American Trotskyist during the 1930s. Wilford does not explain this by the revolutionary enthusiasm that gripped the West at that time. Rather, he has recourse to the claim that the anti-Stalinists included, in addition to Jewish radicals, "upper-class, gentile bohemians whose rejection of New Deal politics could be interpreted as a form of radical conservatism."

From this hallucination to the Stalin-era claim that Trotskyists were Nazi agents would not require much of a journey, but Wilford soon demonstrates his aptitude for such a slippery slope in his venomous attack on the Marxologist and philosopher Sidney Hook. According to Wilford, in the purges of the 1930s, Stalin "used the courts to purge his political enemies. Hook went so far as to organize a commission of inquiry, chaired by his mentor [John] Dewey, which traveled to Mexico to question the exiled Leon Trotsky. In 1939 . . . much of the American left had rejected the Dewey commission's finding that Trotsky was innocent."

So few words, so many distortions and ahistorical "counter-factuals"! In truth, as any historian would know, most of the victims of the Stalin purges were imprisoned, sent to labor camps, or executed out of hand, and never saw a courtroom. Further, anybody who reads the newspapers and leftist journals of the time would know that world opinion was shocked and repelled by the bizarre accusations in the Moscow trials, and that the Dewey Commission's devastation of the Stalinist case was nearly absolute.

Further, "much of the American left" failed to reject not only the Dewey Commission's findings but the Stalin purges—including, perhaps especially, the Moscow show trials—which were viewed by most Americans (and most Westerners) as totalitarian atrocities equal in perversity to the Hitler terror in Germany and the Japanese massacres in China. Still, the shock of the purges drove thousands of people away from the Stalinist movement—along with Communist intrigues in the labor movement, the betrayal of the Spanish Republic by the Soviet Union, and finally, in 1939, Stalin's pact with Hitler—none of which figures as a major topic for Wilford. For him, anti-Communism sprang full-blown from the head of the American ruling class, like Athena from the head of Zeus. This work includes only occasional, near-imperceptible references to Soviet tyranny, chiefly employed to draw spurious lines of moral equivalence between Moscow and Washington.

Wilford deals in anti-anti-Communist scare stories about the CIA, not in history, context, or perspective. To achieve his end, he must exaggerate the weight of groups like the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which he describes as "one of the West's main defenses against the ideological appeal of communism and a dominant institutional force in Western intellectual life." Would that it were true! But as those who lived through the period can testify, the CCF was of little influence against Communism, compared with the steadfast presence of U.S. military forces in West Germany and the Korean peninsula, and was scarcely known to the American public at all.

Wilford also willfully obfuscates the circumstances under which CIA activity, on university campuses and especially in the old National Student Association, was disclosed, which led to accusations against the CCF, *Encounter*, and similar entities. This exposure began not with an article in *Ramparts* in 1966 but in the extensive propaganda of the Soviet-controlled International Union of Students (IUS), headquartered in Prague, which had been attacking the NSA and its affiliated International Student Conference/Coordinating Secretariat (ISC/COSEC) as CIA fronts throughout the early 1960s.

I know this from my experience, at that time, in Communist ranks.

Wilford's wild and wacky tour through the decrepit horror house of anti-anti-Communism—which is the real witch-hunt, and not the legitimate pursuit of Stalinist agents in the West, which has been so labeled—naturally ends with grotesque adumbrations of the future. Predictably, neoconservatives, as the descendants of the anti-Communist intellectuals of the Cold War era, are the new scapegoat. In Wilford's mind, Azar Nafisi's *Reading Lolita in Tehran*, which is about the difficulties of teaching modern literature in an Islamist clerical state, is part of "the neoconservative project of preparing American opinion for a U.S. invasion of Iran." Once again, would that American opinion were so intellectual in tone that Nafisi's work would have so perceptible an effect! Of course, for Wilford, the dread consequences of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's misrule are irrelevant, as is the Stalinist terror.

Looking back at the experience of the CIA, anti-Communist labor activists, the CCF, and similar activities, one can find many lessons for today's global struggle against radical Islam—not least the need to ally with moderate Muslims, as the CIA once formed bonds with non-Communist leftists. But one is also struck by the difference between that time and our own, in that the U.S. intelligence community was once smart enough to understand the battle for influence over the human mind, and many notable and accomplished intellectuals were smart enough to join in a struggle that, at first, seemed doomed, but that was proven righteous beyond measure. ♦

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Just One More

Not for the faint of heart, but who cares?

BY CHARLOTTE HAYS

When recounting that a certain relative was not infrequently tipsy at dinner, I generally have to add, for the benefit of Yankee friends, that dinner in the Deep South of my childhood was not at eight. It was in the middle of the day. No, we didn't need candlelight, but we wouldn't have dreamed of leaving the table without a sweet finale.

The 100 Greatest Desserts of the South
by Mary Leigh Furrh and Jo Barksdale
Pelican, 168 pp., $14.95

"Desserts have been popular in the South since the first settlers arrived in Virginia with visions of English puddings and double-crusted pies," Mary Leigh Furrh and Jo Barksdale, two Mississippians, write in this excellent collection of Southern recipes. Furrh and Barksdale note the erstwhile Southern habit of mid-afternoon dinner and capture the ambience and taste of that era.

The authors manage to get most of the desserts I remember from my childhood in Mississippi. What I wouldn't give for a nice slice of Red Velvet Cake, a largish helping of Bread Pudding with Rum Sauce (the recipe here comes from Mary Mahoney's Old French House Restaurant in Biloxi, which stands proudly even in the awful wake of Katrina), a piece of Lane Cake, named after Emma Rylander Lane, an 1890s lady and cook from Alabama—it is "tall and showy with a rich nut and fruit filling"—or Aunt Carol's Chocolate Pie.

Aunt Carol, the notes inform us, was postmistress in a small town who, after years of begging from the entire community, finally succumbed and gave the recipe to a young bride, with the caveat that she would not reveal it until Aunt Carol had gone to her just dessert in the sky.

More than once I came upon a recipe that made me feel what I imagine Mr. Proust must have experienced when he encountered that *Petite Madeleine*. Especially memory-provoking was the recipe for Charlotte Russe's—I am fond of it for an obvious reason—the quintessential Sunday or holiday dessert. As a child, I always felt that ladyfingers, the key ingredient, took the cake. Perhaps less felicitously, I also remember that many of my fellow Southerners refer to this divine confection as "Charlotte Roush"—you know, as in the Russian Revolution. The Apple Charlotte with Brandy Sauce, from a former chef at Commander's Palace, the famous restaurant owned by the Brennan family in New Orleans, doesn't sound half bad, either.

Although the authors live in Mississippi the recipes come from the entire South. Included is the King's Cake from Louisiana and other recipes from the Upper South. The introductions to each chapter are lively and informative, with delicious historical tidbits and a good overview of the sweet side of Southern cooking.

Did you know, for example, that fudge was unknown in the South until the late 1880s, when Southern girls began going to eastern schools such as Vassar and Wellesley where their peers introduced them to it? "Later, fudge making was adopted at Southern female colleges like Wesleyan in Macon, Georgia." (We made up for lost time with the fudge by producing specifically Southern variations, with buttermilk, peanut butter, and caramel. There's also divinity, without which we can't have Christmas in the South.)

Also, I had always assumed that the benne wafer had been invented by somebody named Benny; turns out "benne" is an African word for sesame, a main ingredient of these wonderful crunchy cookies. Charleston cooking is especially well represented, so I was surprised at one of the rare omissions: The Huguenot Torte, a Charleston favorite, with apples and whipping cream, certainly belongs in any top 100 list.

But that is a minor quibble. Since this volume will undoubtedly be taken up by cooks who don't hail from below the Mason-Dixon line, I do wish they had taken the time to point out that real Southerners do not say *Pra*-lines or *Pee*-kahns; these deviant pronunciations drive us nuts. (Which reminds me, Joe Middleton's Praline Souffle, with roasted pecans, sounds sublime.)

I have a more serious bone to pick—that's not quite the right metaphor, is it?—with regard to one of the most important Southern desserts there is: ambrosia. With eggnog and divinity, ambrosia is the *sine qua non* for Christmas in the South. Mesdames Furrh and Barksdale describe it as "an early marriage of coconut and tropical fruit."

Where I come from, the Mississippi Delta, this is rank heresy. Mama always said that ambrosia had only two main ingredients: oranges and coconut. There was, of course, a third, sherry, and sugar. (But alcohol is such a staple that we just assume it will manifest itself in some form in almost every dish and don't even need to mention it.) The Furrh/Barksdale rendition, alas, includes bananas (!), pineapple slices (!!), and—maraschino cherries. Dear God.

But everything else in this delightful cookbook is splendid, and truth to tell, their ambrosia recipe looks like it would be delicious. Just not what Mama stipulated. ♦

Charlotte Hays, editor of In Character, *is the author, most recently, of* The Fortune Hunters: Dazzling Women and the Men They Married.

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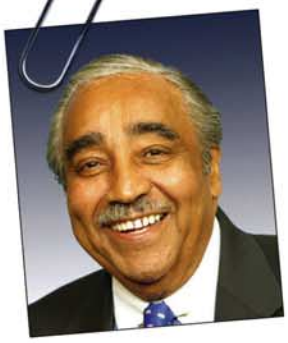
"D.C. officials say that Rep. Charles B. Rangel (D-N.Y.), who recently has been buffeted by questions about his personal taxes and real estate dealings, was incorrectly given a tax break on a house he owned in the District..."
—**Washington Post**, *November 25, 2008*

Parody

TRANSCRIPT: A WASHINGTONPOST.COM CHAT



SHOW ME THE MONEY: Rep. Charles Rangel (D-N.Y.) answers your questions on personal finance
Tuesday, December 9, 2008; 12:00 P.M.

Find the tax code confusing? Not sure if you want to invest in a second home? Democratic Congressman Charles Rangel—just elected to his 20th term—is here to help.

Charles Rangel: Hi everyone, thanks for being here. Please call me Charlie. These are tough economic times for this country, but I am sure we will get through it in the end. And if we don't, well, we are in really big trouble. As the man responsible for writing the tax code, and on the advice of counsel, I wanted to take this opportunity to listen and learn from you, the taxpayer. OK, on to your questions.

Burke, Va.: Hi Charlie! My wife and I owe about $30,000 in student loans at 5 percent interest and are currently renting a townhouse, but we totally want to own our home one day. How can we achieve our dream?

Charles Rangel: Run for Congress. For example, in 1988 I was able to purchase a wonderful beachfront property in the Dominican Republic with a no-interest loan from a friend of mine who was developing the area. Alma and I spent many wonderful vacations in our second home and we earned about $75,000 in rental income to boot. Amazingly, no one ever told us that we were supposed to pay income tax on that money, even though it was earned fair and square in the DR and not the United States. Can you imagine? Just unbelievable.

New York, N.Y.: Charlie, I mean it in all seriousness when I say that you are the best dressed member of Congress. What advice do you have for someone who is looking to rent for the first time?

Charles Rangel: What a coincidence! I just happen to know of four luxury apartments in the up-and-coming Harlem neighborhood that you might be interested in. These apartments are spacious, they have full baths and granite countertops, and (I know this sounds too good to be true) they are rent-controlled. Only one is vacant at the moment—I used to have an office there—but I am sure we could work something out if you have friends or family or pets who are also looking to rent. Why don't you send your contact information to my office and we'll schedule an appointment.

Bowie, Md.: Congressman Rangel, I'm a homemaker whose husband makes about $130,000 a year. We're looking to lower our tax burden. Any suggestions?

Charles Rangel: You're in luck. Apparently—and this was news to me too—you can deduct your charitable giving from your annual tax bill. Now I know what you're asking: Where will I donate the money? Let me suggest the Charles Rangel School of Public Service at the City College of New York. It's a fine institution in the heart of America's greatest city, a school to train the next generation of leaders in this country. You won't regret it. Another way to lower your taxes (and this is just between us) would be for you and your husband to retroactively establish a corporation with offices in the Bahamas. This would make you eligible for an overseas business tax-break. I am fuzzy about the details—you can talk to my staff—but I was able to do something similar for my friend Gene Isenberg of Nabors Industries. This has the potential to save your family hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Incidentally, if you know of anyone interested in purchasing a 1972 Mercedes Benz, let me know. Hardly any miles on it. It's been in storage and has rarely been used.

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